

The *Magazine for the Christian Home*
Hearthstone



- **She Counts Her Lambs—***Frances Dunlap Heron*
- **What Does Your Family Hear?—***Pearl Rouser*

September 1951

The *Magazine for the Christian Home* Hearthstone

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Fireside Chat . . .

We often hear someone sigh regretfully, "It's just not like it was in the good old days." In some instances, however, this dissimilarity rates a hearty cheer—to be sure, the present isn't perfect, but was the past? George C. Alborn takes us back for a second look at "The Good Old Days," on page 21.

* * *

Records, the radio, and television should rightfully be a medium of growth to the family; why are they often a scourge? How can we make the best use of such audio-visual resources in the home? Pearl Rosser discusses such questions in this month's study article, "What Does Your Family Hear?"

* * *

Jawaharlal Nehru is the subject of next month's biographical sketch by Thomas Curtis Clark—don't miss it!

* * *

Are you going to move?

If you plan to change your residence, it is very important that you secure from your post office copies of post card Form 22S. Completely fill out card indicating the date on which you will move, and mail well in advance of your moving day, to the Christian Board of Publication, 2700 Pine Blvd., St. Louis 3, Missouri, and the American Baptist Publication Society, 1703 Chestnut St., Philadelphia 3, Pa.

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Editors of *Hearthstone*



*A
Word
from*

The Word

The work of our hands . . .

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place
In all generations.

Before the mountains were brought forth,
Or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world,
Even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

. . . .

So teach us to number our days,
That we may get us a heart of wisdom.
Return, O Lord; how long?

And let it repent thee concerning thy servants.
Oh satisfy us in the morning with thy lovingkindness,
That we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted
us,

And the years wherein we have seen evil.
Let thy work appear unto thy servants,
And thy glory upon their children.

And let the favor of the Lord our God be upon us;
And establish thou the work of our hands upon us;
Yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

—Psalm 90: 1-2, 12-17

a Luoma.

she doesn't count sheep—

S

HE COUNTS I

By FRANCES DUNLAP HERON

MIDNIGHT. It's silly, I know. I always said I'd never be one of those mothers who stay awake till the whole family is in for the night. But I'm just not sleepy. There—a car is stopping. Which one will it be? Two pairs of footsteps coming up the drive. Grandma's voice saying, "Thank you." She's home from her baby-sitting assignment. Now she tiptoes slowly and softly up the stairs past my bedroom. Anyway, I never have to worry about Grandma. She can take care of herself.

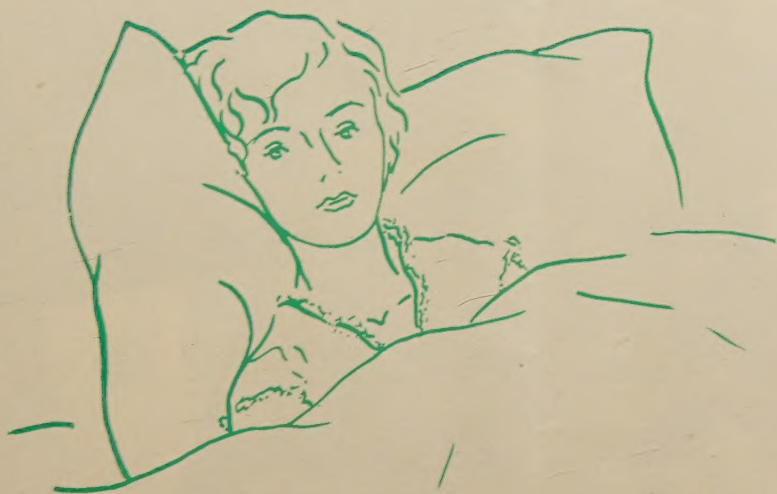
It must be time for Marion Sue to be getting home from her sitting date, too. People shouldn't keep a teen-age girl so late. And that house where she went is pretty far from any neighbors. There was a piece in the paper the other day about a girl—another car stopping. No doubt about that voice. It isn't Marion Sue. It's Eleanor, home from the class party. There—she halts in the kitchen, marks her name off the "people out" list, opens the icebox door to see what may be available. She's a cute girl . . .

I won't call "Good night" lest we start a conversation about party refreshments and what dresses the girl wore, and arouse her father.

Marion Sue isn't home yet. How loud the tick of that clock sounds. There, a half-hour click. Can it be only twelve thirty? Have I missed a strike? Certainly it has been more than a half hour since twelve. I'll turn on the light and see. Well, it is only twelve thirty. H-m-m-m, what shall I have for supper tomorrow night, or let's see—it's really tonight now, isn't it? I'd just as well make some use of this lying awake time. We haven't had Boston cream pie for a long while. And that eggplant stuffed the way Marion Sue likes it. . . Why doesn't she come? I could telephone, but that would just alarm her and it might wake the rest of the household.

For salad I could use fruit cocktail and add bananas and oranges and marshmallows the way Alfred likes—Alfred! My, he isn't in yet either. But then I always worry about him last. He's bound to be the last one in. Well, that fixes up supper. No meat. What kind? The family is so tired of hamburger. I'd like a nice thick slice of ham, but it isn't a favorite with Donald . . . darling little Donald . . . thank goodness, I don't have to lie awake and worry about him yet. It's comforting to know that he and all his menagerie of stuffed animals have been tucked in upstairs safely since nine o'clock.

IBS



"It's so comforting,"

she thought, "to have

someone else awake

and worrying with you"

One o'clock. If Marion Sue doesn't come by one thirty, I think I'll call. That woman said she'd be back by midnight. These women, who never stick to the time they tell their baby sitters . . . Let's see, what day is tomorrow or really today—Thursday. Della will be here to houseclean. I believe we'll work in the kitchen cupboards. Oh, dear, I forgot to sprinkle the clothes so they will be ready for her to iron the first thing . . . Ah, a car. I'll peek out the window. Marion Sue at last. What a sweet girl she is! I'll let on I'm asleep . . . There, she's getting her diary from the living room desk. She never misses an entry, no matter how late she's out. Well, now, she's upstairs giving her teeth their usual thorough brushing—she never neglects that either. Now I can settle down. No, I can't either. Alfred hasn't come in yet. He said he wouldn't be late, but "late" to him is a most indefinite term. I hope that's a nice girl he's out with. I wish I did know a little more about her family. But then it's just a double date tonight, and a drive-in movie is pretty harmless place. He should be getting home enough . . . This pillow certainly is uncomfortable. Surely nothing could have happened to the car. Alfred is a good driver even if he isn't quite seventeen. But the trouble is you never can count on the fellow with the other car. Of course the drive-in is pretty far from here and they'd stop somewhere to eat.

ONE THIRTY. Can that be all? Of course, Alfred would have to take Betty Lou home and then Margie and then Phil. No, he'd take Margie home first and then Phil and leave his own date to the last, wouldn't he? My, but kids certainly have a lot of freedom these days. Why, when I was seventeen, if I'd been out till one thirty they'd have had the police out looking for me . . . police . . . you don't suppose Alfred was speeding or something and got picked up by the police and is being held—oh, dear!

Maybe I'd better wake his father. He could call Phil's folks and see if Phil is home yet. And it is so comforting to have someone else awake with you worrying. But poor Dad does need his rest so badly—such a long day at the office tomorrow . . . I'll wait five minutes longer . . . wonder why people ever have children anyway . . .

(Continued on page 38.)

*Pictures by
Ewing Galloway*



By PEARL ROSSER

THIS IS a day of many noises. Some of them are pleasant and some of them are unpleasant; some of them are good and some of them are bad; some are constructive and some are actually destructive. Within the family we need to determine which of the sounds must be encouraged and which must be ignored or at times silenced.

The human voice surely is one of the most important of the audio resources of family life. We are told by those who study human behavior that in the early years of a child's life, the human voice accompanied by Christian example is a powerful instrument for character development. This is especially true in the family unit.

In many homes the resonant tones of father, joined with the low and gentle voice of mother bring forth the merry laughter and happy responses of the children. The family unit thus does truly "make a joyful noise unto the Lord," their creator. Silence too in very truth, is a golden chord.

There are homes however, where father roars, mother screeches, and children respond with irritation and whining. Silence in such a home is either unknown or freighted with a high charge of tension.

In between are most of our homes. At times all seems to be true harmony based upon understanding and gentleness. Occasionally things seem to get out of tune and one sharp remark brings on another until we come to our senses and once more recognize that we are a Christian family. Then we quiet ourselves with the realization that God expects us to live a though "... we are his people and the sheep of his pasture."

Who among us has not recalled with great pleasure those times when as a family we gathered around the piano to sing some of the favorite hymns and songs

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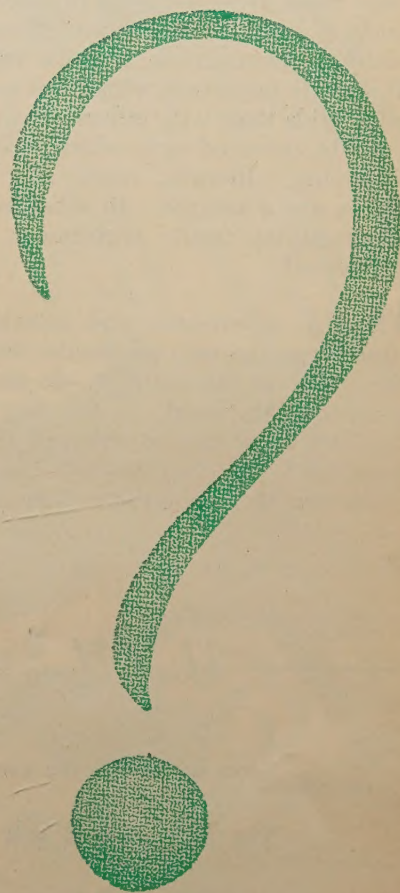
HEARTHSTONE



es your family

Although much could be done to improve the music, little more could be added to cement the families? At this point it may again be stressed that there is a great need for members of the family to have an active part in making their own music. A family orchestra or band may not measure up to professional performance for the enjoyment of others, but there is something priceless in making music together.

Let us not forget or minimize the contribution made to the lives of children and other members of the family through telling good stories, and reading aloud from books which the entire family may enjoy. In addition has it that each Christmas Eve it was the custom of one of the Presidents of the United States to read Dickens' *Christmas Carol* aloud to the entire household. Many homes would be better if there



HEAR

Radios, records, television—

*we are encompassed with
sound. How can we turn*

*them all into a source
of family enrichment?*

could be re-established the bedtime story hour, and if some of those stories could tell of our rich religious heritage.

One more thing about the impact of audio experiences in the home before we consider those audio aids that are mechanically devised. The pleasantness of a home rich in resources rests upon the members' consideration for each other. The increase of noise in the normal acts of living can create tensions for all, whereas a little thought will reveal the possibility of carrying on the same activities with joyfulness and vitality, even though more quietly. There is a great difference between the hum of joyous and constructive activity and the jangle and crash of inconsideration for each other.

Now, let us turn to those audio resources that have been made available to us through scientific development of amplified and recorded sound. I refer especially to phonograph records, radio and television. It is more important with these mechanically devised audio aids than with others, that selection and judgment be exercised as to which shall be a part of family living. Records, radio, and television in some homes are a scourge. In other homes they are real resources for family enrichment. What makes the difference?

IN ALL experiences, and especially those that depend upon the ear, we should test their validity by the words of the psalmist—do they “make a joyful noise unto the Lord”? Are they worthy of our attention? Are they experiences that contribute to a good life? Do they detract from a full life? In answering these questions there should be emphasis

Now Upon the Ground

Soon now upon the ground

The faded leaves will lie,

And there will be no sound

Between the earth and sky;

The summer thunder's pound

Will sink into a sigh.

In scattered heap and mound

The amber leaves will lie

To cover quiet ground.

HELEN HOWLAND PROMMEL

upon the serious and joyous. In other words, can we not select those things to be heard which will enrich our lives through sheer enjoyment, expanded experiences and beauty?

One needs also to ask how much audio experience one should have. We know the teen-ager who plays the phonograph incessantly until all are wishing the whole instrument along with the records could be consigned to the trash heap. We all know, too, the person who turns on the radio at the beginning of the day, allowing it to run constantly without thought of selection of program or discipline in listening. This compounding of sheer noise can have definitely detrimental effects upon the nervous system. We now add the nuisance of the television addict who must turn the instrument on just to see what is happening.

On the other side of the ledger, never before have there been such rich resources for family living. Phonograph records can give us the best in music performed by the greatest of artists. Records bring us some of the world's best literature including children's stories told by well-trained and gifted storytellers with added musical effects to make the literature really live. Splendid presentations of Bible stories are included in this list of resources. Experience that could never be the lot of ordinary families, are ours vicariously through radio and television programs.

The secret of encouraging good listening and viewing on the part of children, is the development of good taste in the selection of programs on the part of parents. Discipline in restricting children's listening and viewing will depend in great degree upon the extent to which parents exercise a similar discipline. When the family together scans the radio and television page to select those programs worth the family time-budget, it becomes a thrilling adventure and precludes the unpleasant task of forbidding those programs that are thought undesirable. The family as a whole then should give primary attention to the programs selected for and by the group.

Now, of course, not all listening and viewing can be done as a family experience. Many programs will appeal only to one age group, although it will be well for parents to sample from time to time the programs most enjoyed by children, so that conversation and appraisal of the programs can be intelligent and helpful. In some instances, there may need to be definite restriction of listening and viewing; there must be reasonableness and firmness displayed by the parents. The reason for forbidding the listening or viewing of certain programs must be valid; there must be consistency and firmness in abolishing it from the family experience. Happy indeed is the situation when children accept the reason and feel that the decision is just. Wise is the parent that will substitute other and more attractive activity for the radio or television program.

One valid reason for silencing the mechanical devices at times is that balance must be established in good family living. Too much spectator experience is unwholesome. One wise father said, “I have so

(Continued on page 40.)

Mother Makes A Bargain

ESSIE VREELAND YOST

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL GROUT

ARDA PRESTON in the doorway of the picturesque white clapboard home waved to her husband. Starting the engine he called, "Good-by, dear, see you at the end of the month. Make the kids help you with the work."

She watched till the car swung around the corner. She'd miss him terribly, but this Detroit construction job meant extra money. They'd need it this fall, with food bills and fuel so alarmingly high, school clothes for the children, and young Carl's dentist bill. Well, her loneliness would be a small price for the comfort and well-being of the family.

The usual din of raised voices greeted her in the dining room where the three children sat finish-

Arda lifted bemused eyes from the page. "Eat," she said vaguely. "Have canned peas."



ing their lunch after giving their father a last hug.

"S'pose I didn't water the garden all this week," eleven-year-old Carl growled as he glared at his sisters over the comic book propped against his empty milk glass. "I don't see you dumb fish racing around doing dishes and things in this ole house."

The fourteen-year-old twins, identical, with round pretty faces framed in brown curls, big smiling brown eyes and dimpled mouths, returned the glare, and Julie announced loftily, "We've been awfully busy practicing for our tennis match."

Julie added, "You know perfectly well, smarty pants, we promised Mary Taylor some of our larkspur and roses for her aunt's tea this afternoon. But they're all dried up and withered because you were too lazy to turn on the sprinkler."

"Aw," Carl flung down his napkin, seized the comic book and shoved his chair against the table so violently the dishes rattled, "I gotta practice, too, for our ball game. You can just fix your ole bedroom lamp yourselves."

His mother said mildly, "You broke it—accidentally, of course—Son, so you're to mend it."

"All right, Mom." He dropped a kiss on her cheek. "I'll do it for you—when I get time." Scowling fiercely in his sisters' direction, he banged out.

The twins sprang up simultaneously. Somehow, with no apparent prearrangement their movements generally synchronized. "Excuse us, Mom. We're frightfully late now. Mary'll be fit to be tied."

"What are you doing this afternoon?" Their mother glanced casually at the littered lunch table.

"Oh, did we forget to tell you this morning when we dashed out for a swim?" Julie picked up her plate and glass. "Mary asked us for a sail. Her brother's home from college, he's taking us on his boat. Okay?" she asked over her shoulder on her way to the kitchen.

Arda hesitated. "I've the marketing to do, and your dresses to lengthen before I start dinner. And the breakfast dishes aren't done

yet. I was busy all morning, you know, canning cherries, then had to stop to get an early lunch for your father and pack his bag." She poured herself another cup of coffee before she asked, "Your beds made?"

"Mother, dear!" Julie's eyes were round with contrition. "We plain forgot. But just leave everything, and we'll slick up the whole house when we're back from sailing. Honest Injun, sweetie pie."

They bolted for the stairs, and after a brief, noisy interval of

**He that would make his
own liberty secure must
guard even his enemy from
oppression.**

Thomas Paine

scurrying about overhead, they tore down into the hall, shouting, "Bye, darling," and were out of the front door and flying down the walk.

ARDA DREW a long, tired breath. Her shoulders sagged. So did her spirit. During the vacation she'd have entire responsibility for the youngsters and the home, with Tom away so often on business trips.

They were good children, even though often they were careless, selfish, sometimes heedless. The job ahead of her would demand every ounce of her strength, patience, and whatever she knew of the psychology of adolescence. She sat up straight. Well, she'd give it her best.

Rousing herself from her absorption, she washed the piles of dishes and had the kitchen shiningly neat before tackling the next job.

She shook her head when she surveyed the living room. Nothing was in place. Systematically she ran the vacuum, pushed furniture into the familiar arrangement, picked up newspapers and magazines, emptied the wastebasket, plumped up pillows.

There! She gave a satisfied nod. The room had its inviting, homey look of being lived in and thoroughly enjoyed.

Upstairs she leaned against the hall door and closed her eyes to the sight that confronted her in bedrooms and bath.

Tom's and her bed stood open to the air and sunshine as she had left it when they had to rise earlier than usual this morning. Neckties and undergarments dribbled out of drawers. Tom's work clothes were strewn over a chair. An old suitcase lay open near the closet door, and discarded slippers were half-way under the bed.

With her usual energy and efficiency Arda plunged in and brought order into the room, then in the bathroom scoured the tub, hung up wet towels on the rack, and shut off dripping taps.

In Carl's room with its double-decker bed she found chaos. Baseball bats, gloves, tennis balls, sneakers on a chair, books piled on window sills. The bedclothes were a crumpled heap. Her lips compressed tightly, she stripped off sheets and pillowcases and made the bed afresh.

The twins' room made Arda frown deeply. The bed they had tossed together looked lumpy. The candlewick spread was wrinkled and trailed on the floor. Window curtains blew against the screens. Talcum powder covered their dressers and June's favorite blue dress had fallen from a hanger and lay in a crumpled heap on the floor.

In an easy-chair in the living room Arda, bone-tired, dispirited, took stock of the situation and her ability to cope with it. To be sure, it was summer vacation, but . . .

For some time she sat perfectly still, hidden in her thoughts. "I'm to blame," she told herself. "I've never given the children little tasks they could do. I've always done things for them. Now I can't expect to reap what I didn't sow."

She considered her problem from all angles. Presently a plan popped into her head. She smiled to herself. She'd give it a try, and if it didn't work she'd have to think up another solution.

RUNNING UPSTAIRS she showered, put on a pink-and-white checked gingham, then went back in the living room, selected a magazine, heaped pillows behind her head, and stretched out luxuriously.

The magazine slipped from her hand. The mantel clock struck five. Noisy feet pounded up the front steps, and merry voices rang in the hallway.

The twins, hair wind-blown, eyes dancing with the joy of living, called out, "Hi, Mom," and, skipping into the living room, chorused, "sorry we're so late, but we had the swellest time."

They leaned over the couch and kissed Arda. "That Taylor tub's simply out of this world, and so's Jeb, Jr. He asked us to go sailing again soon," Julie offered in a dreamy tone.

"That's nice, dears." Their mother smiled up at them, and picked up her magazine.

The two girls whirled toward the stairs. "Got to slick up before dinner. Down in a jiffy, Mom," June promised over the banister. A half-hour later they were back, in fresh blue cotton dresses, hair brushed into shining curls, faces scrubbed.

June began to overturn the neat pile of magazines on the davenport table. "Oh," she glanced at the cover of the magazine her mother seemed absorbed in, "I was looking for that one. May I have it," she glanced at the clock, "while you get dinner?"

Arda didn't answer, merely went on reading, but out of the tail of her eye she saw the puzzled glance the twins exchanged. They, however, said nothing.

Together they drifted into the den and tuned in their favorite serial. But when the mantel clock chimed six times, the radio was shut off, and the girls stood over their mother, regarding her solicitously.

"Don't you feel well, Mom?"

Arda, yawning, wriggled her shoulder more comfortably into the pillows. "I feel fine."

"Shall I set the table?" June asked. "I'm hungry down to my toes."

Julie patted her mother's arm. "Want me to light the oven?"

"As you like, dear," their mother replied from the depths of her magazine, but she smiled to herself when the twins raced into the kitchen. Soon she heard the clatter of dishes, mumbled words, an occasional giggle. Then June poked her head in the doorway. "There isn't much bread, Mummy. And what else are we having for dinner?"

Momentarily Arda seemed not to hear. Then she lifted bemused

**To speak his thoughts is
every freeman's right,
In peace and war, in council
and in fight.**

Homer

eyes from the printed page. "Eat," she repeated vaguely. "Oh, yes, of course. I was too tired to do marketing this afternoon with the whole house to set in order, the canning, and so on." She looked blank for a moment, then said brightly, "Have canned peas..."

"Canned!" June's tone was doleful.

"I know you children prefer fresh or frozen vegetables, but tonight it'll have to be canned peas and eggs."

"But, Mother, we had eggs for breakfast and in the salad at lunch. Can't we have some meat?"

Arda nodded. "Bring me my purse. You can run down to Merton's. He's still open. Get wieners and a couple of loaves of bread. Oh, better get milk and apples, too."

Pouting, June flew to the front door and almost collided with Carl.

"Hi, Mom!" He bounced into the living room. "Guess I'm sorta late. Had to get Billy home. Nose bleed. Dinner ready?"

"Not yet," his mother answered, without looking up. "June's gone to the store."

"Oh, me!" He slid across the rug, and pitched his cap onto a lamp. "I'm empty all the way through. Thought you'd be eating dessert by now."

When June rocketed into the kitchen with her bag of groceries, her mother rose and held out her hand for the change. "Better put water on to heat. You know how to cook wieners. I see Julie has the peas ready."

AT THE DINNER table heavy silence prevailed. The three youngsters ate, but without their usual gusto and merry chatter. Obviously it was not a meal to their liking, though there was plenty of nourishing, if not fancy, food.

The twins kept exchanging uneasy glances, and when apples and oranges were served for dessert, Carl burst out, "Didn't you bake one of your chocolate cakes, or some sugar cookies, Mom?"

Smiling, she shook her head and again explained that routine tasks had kept her too busy for any baking. Then she drew the boy out about his baseball game, and listened with interest when the twins raved about their "gorgeous afternoon sail."

When the makeshift dinner ended, Mrs. Preston didn't move, as usual, to clear the table.

The twins leaped up, and June said, "We've got to scram, Jule, if we're going to the Y play with Mary and the rest of the bunch."

With a speculative scrutiny of her mother's face, Julie said hesitantly, "Maybe we'd better do dishes first."

"Shucks, it's late. Perhaps—" June glanced hopefully in Arda's direction, but there was no response.

Under her breath Julie said to her twin, "We shouldn't have stayed for that second sundae this afternoon." Audibly she urged, "Come on. If we pile into these dishes, we can do 'em in ten minutes flat and dash on our way."

She was turning hot water and soap powder into the dishpan when Mrs. Preston, who was stowing butter and milk in the refrigerator, said, "The play won't keep you late. 'I'll wait up.'"

(Continued on page 43.)



*In Maine or Mexico,
on Sunday morning
church chimes called
us to worship;
in every type of
community and every
church we found
something to learn
from, something to
profit by*

CLOCK

Sunday

By RUTH C. IKERMAN

WE ARE living in an age of confusion and problems. Are you as an individual a part of the problem, or are you a part of the answer?"

In churches of five different denominations my husband and I have heard this challenging sermon in recent months. The pastors spoke in such widely separated points as the Florida Keys, northern Montana, a community church overlooking the Pacific Ocean, a formal cathedral in Washington, D. C., and a Mexican mission near the southwestern boundary of the United States.

For every Sunday morning at eleven o'clock my husband and I stop in our travels to attend the nearest church. Covering over a hundred thousand miles by automobile on week ends and vacations in the past three years, we have hunted for wayside churches where the map shows the highway will fork in open country ahead. Or we have planned our morning to include time to locate a parking lot near a big metropolitan church center. On pleasant Sunday mornings in Canada and Mexico we have followed the sound of church bells inside into the pews, there to take our places with the people of the adjoining community in their search for truth, and expressed gratitude to God.

At the morning worship hour these strangers become as neighbors in our own home town church. Their problems are the same as we face at home and we have been impressed with the great universality of the Christian church today in trying to meet identical problems in different localities.

In Canada we heard a vigorous young pastor give a sermon entitled, "What's the Matter With Canada?" As he went down his critical list, we could substitute the same questions in analyzing what is the matter with American cities or crossroad communities. For he spoke of problems which provide subjects for daily newspaper editorials: divorce, juvenile delinquency, traffic accidents, liquor. He suggested as solution a more adequate application of the unselfish Christian attitude of consideration for the rights of others.

Fighting to create better conditions of course calls for money. How pastors make the morning collection plea varies widely. But we remember particularly a country parson who quietly said, "You have a chance now to multiply your personality." While his parishioners remained the next week at their jobs on Main Street, their nickels, quarters and dollars were carrying their personalities into work for the American Indian in the west, the Negro tenant of the south, and missionary projects overseas through national and international church relief efforts.

Supporting this money furnished by the church is a tremendous backlog of volunteer church workers who serve such allied organizations as the American Red Cross, and the Community Chest. We can be sure that wherever we are, at least once a month we will hear from the pulpit a request for church members to help support related community activities through manpower as well as idealism.

The announcements sound so much like those we hear at home that we smile at the similarity today of "busy-ness" in all communities. The children are always the same wherever we stop for church. Scrubbed and dressed in their best, they come pouring out of church school rooms, the denominational story papers clutched in their hands. Hurrying to join their playmates or waiting parents at the foot of the steps, they usually flash a smile at the stranger waiting to go inside.

Except for colloquial speech accents of the pastors, there is a similarity about churches and services so uniform that factors of distance and locale are completely wiped out of the mind. There may be a choir in black robes with stiff white collars marching into a candlelit choir loft above a formal arrangement of red hothouse roses. Or it may be that a piano, long in need of tuning, is playing rousing gospel songs while the decorations are wild sunflowers in quart glass canning jars. But a certain essential elementary quality nevertheless persists within the house of God on Sunday morning where hearts are seeking to discover what is eternal.

THIS ATTITUDE of reverence and questing is sometimes captured out of doors in church services without benefit of the usual "props." One Sunday morning in the open air amphitheater at Mesa Verde National Park in southwestern Colorado, we took time out from our inspection of the famous Indian Cliff Dwellings to attend a national work interdenominational service. Music came from a portable organ. The speaker used as his text, "The work of our hands, establish thou it." He called attention to this magnificent Indian civilization, truly built by hand labor

before the age of machinery. Then he pointed to the present ruins of the ancient buildings chiseled high on the mountainside. In the outdoor silence the truth was self-evident that we must somehow also manage to "build the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

That these eternal truths form the platform of the churches is evidenced in sermon titles and other announcements printed in the Saturday paper we read at the hotel trying to locate a near-by church. Here in the free press of America each week we have tangible evidence of another blessing, that of religious freedom. For not only are many Protestant denominations listed, and the hours of Catholic services, but much of interest concerning Jewish synagogues and faiths local to the area. We have tried to enlarge the scope of our sympathy and the trend of our tolerance by visiting also whatever was of great religious significance to any number in any given community where we chanced to be on Sunday.

So it is that we shall cherish for always the peace of the priest's garden outside St. Paul's Catholic Cathedral, visited in the late afternoon sunshine of a crisp spring day. The silence in formal worship of The Friends or Quakers has helped to take away the tension and strain of travel and home cares.

In all churches today we sense this appreciation of God's goodness to those who search for him in the midst of today's mechanical and political confusion. It is the profound sense of searching for "something more" which stands out along with a renewed appreciation of religious freedom. Driving across the country the first thing the motorist sees as he nears the edge of town is the spire of the community church. Sometimes several steeples rise above the trees. Often the sign at the city limits which tells when the Kiwanis or Lions Club will meet also says that the weekly dinner is served in the community church.

This means that hundreds of Christian women in America extend the hospitality of their own homes by serving at such church dinners. Donning white aprons with embroidered pockets they divide into committees: Mrs. Jones takes charge of baking apple pies; Mrs. Smith estimates the amount of fruit for salad; Mrs. Brown arranges for enough chickens from Uncle John Black's farm two miles out from town. Flowers come from home gardens as the tables are set for the service club luncheon.

Around this table in the church basement, while the dirty dishes are pushed along toward the kitchen, a speaker will talk on some phase of life today, another evidence of the church's interest in current problems. This attitude survives from the days when in New England the church was town meeting place for all. So today large city churches will use an outdoor billboard to announce an evening discussion topic, "Democracy at Work in the World Today."

In fact this discussion of democracy creeps into many sermons when pastors wistfully emphasize the fact that one way to make democracy work is to support the church by taking advantage of the opportunity to worship on fifty-two Sundays a year. Lack

(Continued on page 47.)

Choice Cut

Combating prices,

It is mete

That housewives air

Their valid beef:

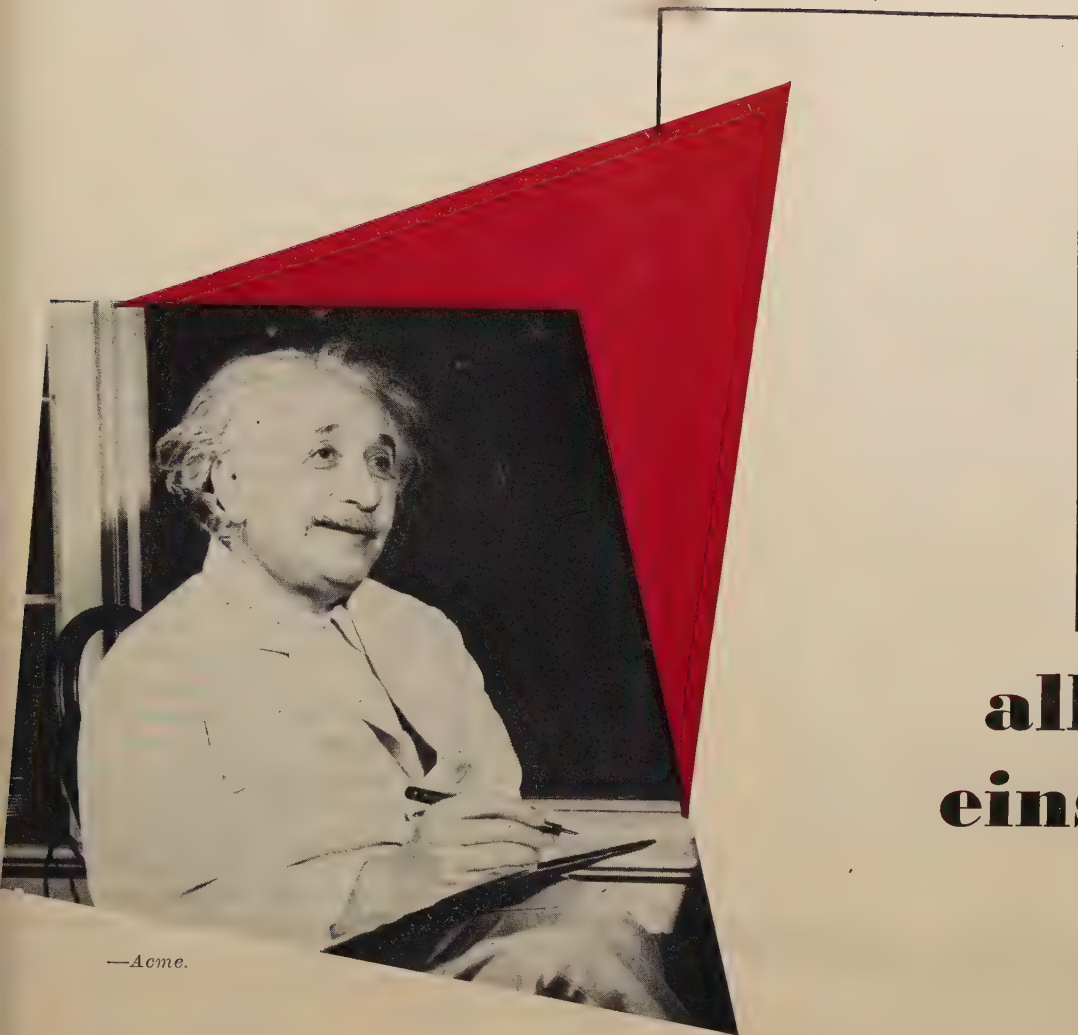
They're fighting for

Their purses' sake,

And so they have

A lot at steak!

INA S. STOVALL



—Acme.

albert einstein

By THOMAS CURTIS CLARK

IN THE spring of the year 1921 there arrived in New York Harbor, along with hundreds of others, a man and his wife. That these were not ordinary people was evidenced by the fact that reporters and cameramen rushed toward them as they landed and that many hundreds of New Yorkers had gathered at the port to get a glimpse of the famous scientist from Germany.

This man was Albert Einstein, who had lately propounded a new theory of the universe. He was the author of the now famous "law of relativity," which had wrenched the brows of other scientists, not to mention the less ruffled brows of ordinary people. It was a hard nut to crack—that was the general conclusion of those who had had a try at the new theory. As the assembled curiosity seekers glimpsed the scientist, they could easily believe that he had performed some extraordinary feat. For he was out of the ordinary in appearance. His flaring wealth of hair and

First Day of School

My little son went forth today
With excitement in his eyes,
To that new world of wonderment,
Which is scaled for six-year size.
No page of his life's picture book
Is darkened by time's censure;
So, proud and fearless, he began
A new and bright adventure.
I, who mourn the speed of time,
And life's onrushing sweep,
Am learning with surprise how slow
These long still hours can creep.

ELIZABETH A. HUTCHISON

his deeply dreaming eyes marked him as a man apart. However, the brier pipe in his hand seemed to assure the onlookers that he was, after all, really human. In his other hand he carried a violin case, and that fact set him forth as perhaps one with whom people could get along.

Of course, one of the first questions put by the newspaper reporters to the newly arrived wise man was this: "Can you explain the theory of relativity in a few sentences?" Perhaps this question, or similar ones, had been asked of the scientist so many times that he may have had an answer ready. At any rate, here is what he said to the reporters: "If you will not take the answer too seriously and consider it as only a kind of joke, then I can explain it as follows. It was formerly believed that if all material things disappeared out of the universe, time and space would be left. According to the relativity theory, however, time and space disappear together with the things."

If this explanation of relativity still seems a little vague, some comfort may be drawn from the reply which Mrs. Einstein made to the reporters when they asked her whether she understood the new theory. "Oh, no," she answered in a friendly though somewhat amazed tone, "although he has explained it to me so many times; but it is not necessary for my happiness."

But this trip to America had not been planned in the interest of the amazing new theory of the universe, of time and space. The journey had been arranged by the scientist's friend, Dr. Weizmann, the leader of the Zionist movement, with the purpose of securing funds for the establishment of a Jewish national home in Palestine. It was hoped that Dr. Einstein's wide fame would serve to enlist the interest, and support of American Jews. And his visit to America did help greatly in furthering the good cause.

What was the story of this now famous man, Albert Einstein? What were his sources? And through what experiences has he come before he reached his splendid fame?

Born in 1879 at Ulm, in Bavaria, Germany, when he was one year of age he was taken with his family to a new home in the city of Munich, the political and intellectual center of Germany. Albert's father operated a small electrochemical factory, with the aid of his brother. He was not much of a business success. Albert's mother was serious and artistic, and she loved the classics in music. In Munich was the Luitpold Gymnasium, and there young Einstein spent his years from ten to eighteen. When he was fifteen however, his father's business failed and his family removed to Italy. Albert continued his studies in Munich, with occasional vacations however in Italy. The lad was especially interested in books on science, which brought him new knowledge of animals, plants, stars, meteors, volcanoes, earthquakes, climate, and many other things.

WHEN HE was only five his father had brought him a pocket compass. The mystery of the iron needle that always pointed in the same direction made a great impression on the child. Although there was nothing to make the needle move, he concluded that something that attracts must exist in space that is considered empty. Thus he set about thinking of the mysterious properties of empty space; and thus he was very early already on the road to his scientific discoveries.

The Munich gymnasium studies had not been very pleasant for the young Albert. The rules were hard and the teachers were cold. And there was military drill, which he did not like. Finally, to his joy, he was dismissed from the school. The teacher's only explanation was: "Your presence in the class destroys the respect of the students." For a while Albert spent his free time in Italy with his parents. But he was growing up, and his father had again failed, and he must set about his course in life.

A famous technical school in Zurich, Switzerland, seemed just the place for the budding scientist. He

took the examinations and revealed a mastery of mathematics that was unusual. There was a different spirit in this school; the purpose was to train students to think for themselves. There were physics, and chemistry, and zoology—and Albert liked them all. He had found his world—science.

Albert Einstein completed his studies at the turn of the century and was now ready for a position which might pay him a living. He soon found one in a patent office in Bern, Switzerland. Soon after, he married a fellow student at the technical school. He seemed now to be settled at something practical; for he had long dwelt in the realm of the theoretical. But still there was on his part a reaching out for more knowledge. His companion at Bern was an Italian named Besso, and the two gathered a small group interested in science and philosophy. The phenomena of light and motion were studied avidly and in 1905 Einstein published some results of his studies which promised to be revolutionary. Physicists of Swiss universities hailed the new development, and they looked upon the scientist responsible for these studies as a coming man. He was too big for a job in a patent office, they thought, and they soon found an opportunity for him to teach in the University of Zurich.

As a teacher, Einstein was not a pronounced success, for he was always dabbling in deep scientific matters. But he was interested in ambitious thinkers and went along fairly well. Meanwhile, his fame was growing throughout Europe, and in the autumn of 1910 there occurred a vacancy at the German University in Prague, and Einstein was chosen to fill the vacancy. In Prague there were many Jews, and Einstein became involved in some of their problems. But nothing interfered with his further investigations of physical science. He worked out a new theory of gravitation and also developed what was called "the quantum theory of light."

IN THE year 1912 the scientist received an invitation to return to the Polytechnic School in Zurich, where he had received his later education. He was now the pride of that institution. But he could not long remain there for his fame had grown so rapidly that Berlin was calling him. Kaiser Wilhelm II founded a research institute where he wished to assemble the most brilliant minds in various fields. Albert Einstein seemed the right man in the field of physics. Soon after his arrival in Berlin, Einstein was separated from his wife. His work in Berlin gave him even wider fame, as his new discoveries were spread abroad.

Before a year was up, World War I broke out, and all the colleagues of the famous scientist were active in war service. Einstein himself could not cooperate in this to any degree, for he had no use for war. His health, moreover, was poor. During the war he remarried. At the close of the war, although Einstein was not greatly liked in Germany, there grew a demand for lectures by him in various countries—Czechoslovakia, France, Austria, England and in parts of Asia. Finally America called him, and here

Thank God for Work

Work!

What boon is there, God-given,

That brings man nearer heaven

Than work?—

Work that glows from inner fires,

Work atune with God's desires,

Work that palls not, though it tires.

Thank God for work!

Work!

Not drudgery, I hold;

Not ugly dross, but gold—

God's work!

Be they tasks of brawn or art,

At the forge or in the mart,

All are gifts of God's great heart.

Thank Him for work!

THOMAS CURTIS CLARK

he was to see for the first time the land which was soon after to become his permanent home.

In 1922, while Einstein was in the Orient, he was awarded the Nobel prize for physics; this gave the scientist much encouragement. The anti-Semitic feeling was growing in Europe, and Einstein was becoming unpopular there, as a Jew, a revolutionary scientist, and a pacifist; for he was a determined foe of war, and, being honest, he gave expression to his convictions.

But there was a haven of peace for Albert Einstein. At Princeton University there had been established an Institute of Advanced Study, and the scientist was among the first great scholars called to make his intellectual home there. In Princeton he lived a life free from any kind of prejudice and persecution, and until he resigned from the institute in 1945 he was a center of interest—as a great scientist and a great man. He still lives in Princeton, and is reaping a harvest of appreciation of which the truly great are worthy.

when the family

Moves



By LOIS S. SMITH

MY NEIGHBOR said, "Moving is such a problem." She would have spoken truer if she had said, "Moving is a series of problems, beginning long before the moving van appears at your door, and not ending with the deposit of furniture in the new house."

Let us look at this problem critically, not only from the standpoint of the adults in the family, but with the interests and welfare of the children in mind. From the moment the thought of moving comes before the family group, the

children need to be reassured of the love their parents have for them; a feeling of being needed and wanted will aid in building security. Let Junior or Sis have some say as to what they would like in the new home and surroundings.

Before a location is selected, there are certain factors to be considered. One needs to be within convenient distance of a shopping center where the majority of needs can be found—groceries, drugs, clothing, etc. Not only is this

necessary for the mother who does most of the buying, but for Bobby and Judith who have to run errands, occasionally buy school supplies, and get some small needs of the family. Transportation to work, school, church, and community centers is essential.

Consideration must be given to the accessibility of school, doctor, dentist. Before actually selecting a home, these might be visited. The school should furnish the type of education your child needs; it should be within easy distance, or

When the family moves

much more is involved than

mere relocating by a

moving van. Here is practical

help on choosing the

new home, easing the

children's break with

school and friends, and

settling down in the

strange community

on a regular transportation line. School busses furnished by the Board of Education may serve an outlying district, and the drivers of these busses may be trusted to be careful, friendly, and helpful to the younger children they carry. If there is a particular school which you would like to have your children attend, then the location of your new home will depend to a large extent on the routes from that school. Many modern schools are being built in open land with a view to giving the pupils the best of air, sunlight, and modern equipment. But transportation systems are noticeably slow in changing to the needs of a single institution, so that unless a family has a car to carry children to and from school twice a day, there may be great difficulty for the child to travel. Sometimes such a problem may build up an antagonism for the place to be reached, and spoil the attitude of the child toward the new school or even the new home. This defeats the purpose of the move, and re-

quires special attention before an actual change is made.

There may be a doctor or dentist in the next block, but except in a case of emergency you might find him inadequate for your needs. Look about during your period of selection, inquire from the neighborhood druggist, visit the doctor or dentist to learn if he is friendly toward children, if he is capable of caring for a whole family, or if he specializes. You do not want to be in need of a doctor at 2 A.M. and learn too late that your former one will not come so far, and that the neighboring one is a foot doctor when your small son has an acute pain where the green apples invaded.

Next, the immediate neighborhood should be considered. Querying your new minister will help you to decide about the locality, since he is sure to be well enough acquainted to assist in identifying the type of people around his church. You should inquire about the distance from factories and small businesses which can make

a community unsatisfactory, either due to odor, dirt, fire, or traffic hazards.

Now that we have looked at the externals, shall we turn our attention to the more intimate details of choosing a new home? So many families have been able in the past few years to select newly built homes that it hardly is necessary to dwell on the pitfalls of an old house. However, I would like to warn that broken steps, uneven flooring, loose plaster, and broken or cracked windows bear their own menace, and the new dweller should attend to these things before moving day. Leaky roofs and water-pipes should be checked, outside bricking and chimneys examined, and the yard, cellar, and attic cleared of all rubbish, rusty nails, glass, etc. Safety first begins at home in a case like this.

But if you are taking a new home, we will hope that everything is in place and all the workers have departed with their tools. You are looking for a suitable house for your growing family. Are there enough rooms, and do they serve all the purposes of your family: plenty of bedrooms, perhaps a play or work room; a laundry; clean, airy closets; a dining room near the kitchen or a large kitchen; modern fixtures and arrangements? Check everything and then double check. Do you have room for company? Will there be plenty of space to store Dad's fishing rods and tool chest where no one will tumble over them to reach something else? Is there a space to dry clothes on damp, cold days without endangering the health of any member of the family?

IF YOU are buying a new home or building, perhaps you still have time to select wall paper. Let Sue choose the color scheme for her very own room, and consider Junior's tastes before covering one wall with airplanes for a boy who enjoys Beethoven and Bach.

When it is at all possible, plan separate rooms for all the children. They sleep and study better, take more interest in keeping the appearance neat and clean, and there is less conflict between sisters, or brothers. My own two older girls,

Rain on Monday

She let the clothes fall in a restless stack,
Hearing the sudden water on the pane,
And smoothed the yellow soap and put it back:
Mondays, she thought, should be immune to rain.

For clothes to her were part of wind and sun
And sheets were meant to blow against the sky
And so she stood and wished the rain were done,
Watching three sullen clouds blow slowly by.

And then she laughed, as only women can
Whose hearts know love in any kind of weather,
And baked an apple pie for her tall man,
Thinking of table-talk, with them together,

And how he'd smile, as he did through the year,
To learn again that Mondays should be clear!

ANOBEL ARMOUR

The Hearth of Home

So many build their altars to false gods
And blindly tend the fickle fires well.
Oh, pray for them that they may turn away
And break the bondage of an evil spell.

The happiness they try to grasp but fail
To find at last no matter where they roam
Is burning constantly with shining light
Where love and trust make bright the hearth of home.

LOUISE DARCY

being close in size and age, were constantly battling about clothing and whose fault it was when the room was untidy. So I gave the eldest a room of her own with complete responsibility, and bunked the two younger sisters together, after making it plain that the new room was the concern of both girls. They are proud of their rooms and bustle about cleaning and straightening each day.

In moving to a larger house it is often necessary to select new furniture. If this is for a child's room, and he is of an age to take an interest, by all means let him help choose the color and style. A girl might like a big, roomy chair by her window, or a boy would choose a set of shelves for his gadgets. Consult their interests; this builds confidence and makes them feel more a part of the new home. It is a hard jolt to be dragged away from friends and familiar scenes, and dropped into the cold strangeness of new surroundings, and even the youngest needs reassurance in these circumstances. Let them help with the packing, the unpacking, and the settling. Do not throw away all their old friendly toys. Remember how you carried that old doll, or wagon through many years of childhood, when you were worried about the changes in your living.

There is one place where you can usually find help and advice at the time of moving. That is your church. First, your former minister may recommend a new church, or speak well of a minister in the new locality. Then, before or after you have made the actual move, you may meet and talk with the new minister. With his suggestions, friendliness, and assistance, you may learn about schools, doctors, neighbors, etc. He can direct you to members of his own church, or trusted businessmen who can be of service to you. Having lived in five different cities, I have always found warm welcomes and offers of assistance.

And now, with all these reminders fresh in your mind, may the blessings of God go with you into your new home, and may your years there be peaceful and prosperous.

HEARTHSTONE

important things


first

By

MARGARET

DEARLOVE

MANN



JULIE STONE hummed softly to herself as she put the last few stitches in the hem of Penny's new plaid taffeta dress. It was a pretty little dress, skillfully and artistically made, and Julie was proud of her handiwork. Penny would look every bit as nice as any of the little girls in the song Sunday.

Julie admired the dress for a moment, then she pressed it carefully and hung it onto its hanger. With the dress out of the way, she studied the little clock on the mantel. "Just time enough to wash the downstairs windows all around before Bobby awakes from his nap, and time to get supper," she told herself, as she went into the spotless kitchen for the window-washing things. As she opened the door of the cleaning closet, Penny came bouncing in the back door.

"I came in for a cooky, Mommie," she explained. And then she added, "Is my dress done yet?"

Penny asked the question expectantly, and Julie looked down

Penny's happy face faded into a look of utter disappointment.
"Oh, Mommie!"

ILLUSTRATED BY
LESLIE BENSON

at her little daughter, glad of the answer she could give her. "Yes, Penny, it is all done and ready to wear. I am sure you will look very lovely in it. I only wish that Daddy and I could see for ourselves just how nice you will look when you sing that song."

Penny's happy face faded into a look of utter disappointment. "Oh, Mommie, aren't you and Daddy going to be there to hear me sing in that song?" she asked in childish disbelief. "The song is so pretty."

Julie worked hard to ignore the hurt look in Penny's eyes. "I am so very sorry, Penny, dear," she tried to explain, "but I just don't see how I can possibly go to church tomorrow. Great-aunt Ellen has invited herself over for dinner, and you know how she is. She notices every little spot of dirt, and every little speck of dust. Besides she always expects an extra good dinner on Sunday. It will take all my spare time this afternoon to clean these windows, and all of my spare time tomorrow morning to get the dinner ready."

"But couldn't Daddy go alone to hear the song?" Penny questioned. "It is so very special."

Julie ran the hot water hard into the pail and poured in the ammonia. "You know that Daddy doesn't like to go to church unless I go, too, and I don't see how I can possibly find time to go tomorrow, dear," she explained as she bent over to kiss Penny's damp forehead. "I am truly so sorry to miss hearing that song. Would you like another cooky?"

Penny took the cooky with a faint "thank you," and went out the back door to her play. Julie's conscience smote her, but after all what else could she do under these circumstances? She picked up the pail, and pushing the problem aside, she began mentally to plan the details of her schedule—wash all the downstairs windows before supper, in the morning dress the chicken, make the biscuits, set the dining table for dinner, give the house a quick dusting. This could all be sandwiched in with the regular work and getting Penny off to church. Luckily, she could walk that little way.

WITH HER PLANS well laid, Julie went out the back door armed with the pail of water, the long-handled window brush, and an armful of clean cloths, ready to launch the attack on the dirty windows. As she went she reasoned with herself. "I try so hard to be a good mother. I spend hours and hours each week cooking good meals, cleaning the house, making the children pretty clothes, I—why, I spent hours on that dress alone, working so hard to have it ready for Penny to wear Sunday. And it isn't *my* fault that Aunt Ellen is coming to dinner."

Julie set the pail down by the dining-room windows and dipped the brush hard into the pail of hot water. Then she began to scrub the windows vigorously. Suddenly she clutched the brush handle very tightly, and stood very still.

From the front porch next door old Mrs. Davis was visiting with a departing caller. Her voice came clear and firm across the lawn, "We brought up six children, we did, and we done it all doing the most important things first. The rest of the work was done in the time that was left. And we didn't send our children to church and Sunday school—we took them. And we saw to it that we had plenty of time for fun, and picnics, and I'm glad now we did it that way. Who knows or cares now whether or not I spent all of my spare time scrubbing and cleaning?"

The meaning of Mrs. Davis' words reached deeply into Julie's mind. She knew all about Mrs. Davis' six splendid children, all grown up now with families of their own. Six such children in

**Think like men of
action; act like men of
thought.**

Bergson

one family just didn't happen. Julie asked herself a few puzzling questions. What things are important, and what things are not? How do you decide between going to church to hear a little song and preparing a complicated chicken dinner? Is it important to scrub windows, which, after all, were not so very dirty, just for a fussy old woman to admire? And what about dusting every single day, scrubbing the kitchen floor three times a week, no matter what? And then there was an even more puzzling question—that of sending a little girl to church alone.

Julie was a wise little person, and it took her only a few minutes to decide these things of herself. She finished the dining-room windows with a flourish, and then dumped the pail of water onto the rambler rosebush. She went back around the house and her heart was strangely light. *Aunt Ellen can eat meat loaf tomorrow, and I can make it this afternoon. Anyway, she has chicken herself any time she wishes, she thought. And by eating supper in the kitchen I can get the table set tonight. Everything else I can manage in the morning. The dusting doesn't matter at all since I did that this morning.*

AT THREE MINUTES to eleven the next morning Julie and Jim Stone with little Bobby walked into the little brick church on Shady Street. In the little room off from the vestibule there was a sound of children's excited whispers as they waited with their teachers for the organ to signal their entrance in the processional. Suddenly a loud whisper reached Julie's ears—a loud whisper of a little girl who was bursting with pride and happiness. "Oh, look!" came the whisper, "Just look! There goes *my* mommie and *my* daddy and *my* little brother."

Very quietly Julie and Jim sat down in the back pew—with little Bobby between them. They watched the children march down the aisle, their faces shining in anticipation of their part in the morning worship. Julie's eyes sought out one little girl—a happy little girl in a plaid taffeta dress.



The Good Old Days

By George C. Alborn

Let's not whitewash Today, but let's take another look at Yesterday

ARE YOU ONE of those who sigh with longing for "the good old days" and contrast the wickedness of the present age with the (supposed) greater virtues of the past?

But were those good old days so much better than our own, after all? By what standard shall we judge?

"Well, look at the divorce scandals in our daily papers—the rotten movies—the putrid sex magazines and books—the clothing girls don't wear—the 'Bathing Beauty' contests."

**Die when I may, I want it said of me by
those who knew me best, that I always
plucked a thistle and planted a flower where
I thought a flower would grow.**

Abraham Lincoln

All right, look at them. And then look back into the past for a little. Divorces were even more common in ancient Rome than they are today. Tacitus, the historian, says that women were married in order to be divorced, and divorced in order to be married. And that does not consider the thousands who did not bother about either marriage or divorce.

Suppose we read Huizinga's *The Waning of the Middle Ages* or Lecky's *History of European Morals*, and note that all through the Middle Ages men were not even supposed to be content with one woman, or women with one man. Our bathing beauties do wear some clothing, those of Nero's day wore none whatever. Public heroes were welcomed by pageants of entirely nude men and women in the 15th, 16th, and 17th centuries, too, and even many of the clergy approved such displays.

One does need to hold his nose in passing some newsstands and bookstores nowadays, but let us go back a bit into the history of literature, to the time when Boccaccio's *Decameron* was the almost exclusive mental food of polite society. But if someone tries to mail an unexpurgated edition of that book today, he has to pay a fine.

You have all heard of the troubadours, those sweet singers of the Middle Ages. Did you ever try to read any of their songs, not in carefully edited, expurgated translations, but in the original French? Better not try to circulate those poems today, either.

We think we are living in an age especially noted for its lawlessness and crime. We forget that only about seventy-five years ago lawlessness was so rampant in California that the people had to form committees of "Vigilantes" to secure some degree of law enforcement. About one hundred years ago any man could challenge another man to a duel and kill him, in open daylight, without fear of punishment.

Big city "gangs" are nothing new. Not so long ago, every man went armed, armed gangs infested every city, travel was not safe except in large, well-armed caravans. You might have read the life of Benvenuto Cellini, swashbuckler and bully, who killed man after man, and was never punished for it. Today thousands of women travel the length and breadth of our country in complete security.

Yes, "these awful young people." Look at the way they dress! And the girls actually smoke and drink! Think of their joy riding, parked cars, and so on.

Well, as to some types of modern dress, there is not enough to it to merit discussion. But many times the ages of most licentious living, have been periods of voluminous clothing. See the times of Louis XVI, for example.

And as to joy riding, parked cars on dark lanes, and so on—do you remember the buggy rides of a past generation, with a good slow horse, the lines tied around the whip, back roads with little or no traffic? Of course you recall the hammocks in a dark corner of the lawn. And the kissing games and forfeits. Oh, yes, you do!

Many young people of today drink, and they did in "the good old days" too. Dr. David Starr Jordan said in 1910, "On a certain night two hundred students, half of them from the University of California and half from Stanford, were drunk all the night long on the campus. That same night all the fraternity houses but three were open saloons the whole night. Twenty students were treated for alcoholism and a few for delirium tremens."

Too recent? Well, about eight centuries ago, a gang of students were carousing in an inn in Paris. One of them insulted the innkeeper's daughter. Her father tried to protect her. He was killed, his inn burned, several other people were killed and that whole section of the city terrorized for hours. The guards dared not interfere, for there were ten thousand well-organized students in Paris, ready to fight for each other.

Perhaps you will contend that people are not so religious today as in those good old days. People went to church more then, they had real revivals. And what about these atheistic organizations in some of our schools—the "Lost Souls"—"Black Sheep" and so on?

A book was written about fifty years ago with the title, *Why Men Do Not Go to Church*. Does that sound as though church attendance was at so wonderful a level then? In 1800, the good people of England were bemoaning the decline in church attendance, while in 1688 it was declared that religious movements were at a standstill and church attendance almost at the vanishing point.

But surely those heroic Pilgrims who dared the wintry passage of the Atlantic to find a place where they might freely worship God had real religion. But they whipped Quakers and Baptists through the streets of Boston, and burned, drowned or hanged witches at Salem. Cotton Mather, the flower of Puritanism, wrote to Higginson of Salem, in 1662, "There be now at sea a skipper which has aboard a hundred or more of ye hereticks and malignants called Quakers, with Wm. Penn who is ye scamp at ye head of them." He states that secret orders have been issued to waylay the ship, "as near ye coast of Codde as may be, so that ye Lord may be glorified and not mocked on ye soil of this new country." Note what he says further, "Much spoil can be made by selling ye whole lot in Barbadoes, where slaves fetch good prices in rumme and sugar. We shall not only do ye Lord

(Continued on page 40.)

*Homework doesn't
need to be a
problem. Here
are hints on
how to help
young people
learn good
study habits—
yes, in spite
of television*

BEFORE ATTEMPTING this article, the author, herself a mother and former teacher, consulted a number of high school students, parents, teachers. The cases described below, together with the conclusions that follow them, are the results of such consultations.

1. Donald is an average high school student with better than average intelligence. If he did his homework, he would be an excellent student. But Don will not do that studying. He goes to his room for that purpose, under stern threats of both parents, but he merely thumbs through his books, pausing every few moments to work on one of his model planes, to switch on the radio, to pick up a comic book. His mother says what he needs is a "good whipping" and his father throws up his hands in resignation. Now and then, under the mother's insistence, the father administers the whipping.

Look, for a moment, at Donald's family picture. He is the older of two attractive children, the other a very beautiful little girl who does exceptionally well in third grade. He adores this sister and shows no sign of jealousy, even though she is clearly the child favored by both parents.

Don's parents are good looking too, and popular. They go out or entertain constantly. His father, a college graduate and a successful businessman with numerous interests and adventures, a pretty wife and a lovely home, finds life full of zest. Both parents show affection toward their children and give

(Continued on page 37.)

that STUDYING!

By LOUISE B. GRIFFITHS



with You

Dear God, as we pray today for thy blessing upon our loved ones and our friends, and upon ourselves, we pray also for those who seem to be our enemies. Help us to see them through the eyes of love as the same sort of people we are. Inspire within us friendly feelings toward those who are not friendly to us. Help us to be good and true no matter how others behave. Awaken in them the same feelings toward us, we pray. Wipe out the old, false thoughts and fill us with new friendship. In the name of the Friend of all. Amen.¹

—WILLIAM CLOUGH



The Children's Friend

Long ago and far away
Jesus watched the children play,
Loved them dearly, big and small,
Loved them dearly, one and all.
Long ago and far away,
When Jesus watched the children play.

Long ago and far away
Children came to Him one day,
Came to Jesus, big and small,
Came to Jesus, one and all.
Long ago and far away,
When children came to Him one day²

—ELIZABETH S. WHITEHOUSE

The Friendly Way

Father, help me through each day,
To do my work the friendly way,
Cheerful, smiling, with a song
To greet each task that comes along.

When there is something I must say,
Teach me to speak the friendly way,
And let my thoughts be kind and true,
As shining bright as morning dew.

Guide my actions; keep me good
That I may do things as You would;
Let me be fair in work and play
And always live the friendly way.³

—MARGARET DEUTSCH

¹From *Father, We Thank Thee* by William A. Clough. Copyright 1949 by Pierce and Smith. By permission of Abingdon-Cokesbury Press.

²From *When the Little Child Wants to Sing*. By permission of Westminster Press.

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WE THANK YOU

Friends are among the most treasured possessions we have. They enrich our lives. God planned it so. Children need the enriching experiences of friendship, but they must be helped in discovering God's plan for people to live together as friends.

Even a very young child can understand the verse from the Bible.

A friend loveth at all times.

—Proverbs 17:16

The child will need help, however, in remembering to put what it means into practice. This is where you, as parents, can contribute to the child's Christian growth. Make mental notes of your observations of little everyday happenings which show love and friendliness. Then lift them to the child's consciousness through informal loving conversation. Help him to find ways of showing friendliness by suggesting, "What can you do to make our friend happy?"

One of the ways to show friendliness is to share. Adults know how much it helps to let someone share a sorrow and how much greater is the joy of an experience when it is shared with a loved one, a friend. Jesus taught that we should share not only their material possessions but also their spiritual wealth.

When the man whom Jesus had healed in the country of the Gerasenes wanted to go with him, he told him to go home and share the story with his friends.

"Go home to your friends, and tell them how much the Lord has done for you, and how he has had mercy on you."

—Mark 5:19

Again, in the parable of the Lost Sheep, Jesus shows his concept of friendly sharing.

"And when he has found it, he lays it on his shoulders, rejoicing. And when he comes home, he calls together his friends and his neighbors, saying to them, 'Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep which was lost.'"

—Luke 15:7

Sometimes friendship entails sacrifice. Jesus has, of course, the greatest example of this. Christ's death on the cross. Children can

Children



FOR FRIENDS

understand why Jesus was put to death he was good, kind and friendly. The attitude of Jesus, toward even those who responsible for his death.

After love has no man than this, that a man own his life for his friends.

—John 15:13.

Children have many kinds of friends. Animals, other pets, are very close to the hearts of children of all ages. They are friendly companions and children can develop desirable habits of kindness to and care of their pets.

Children have friends their own age, with whom they play and have happy times. Helping them to know how to be kind, loving, sharing and cooperating with playmates is helping them in their Christian growth.

Friendships of children should not be limited to playmates and persons their own age, but should include adults. Parents may need to help children recognize their grown-up acquaintances as friends.

It is very important, but possibly more so today than ever before, in view of our world situation, to have a feeling of friendship toward persons of other races, religions and lands. Children are not prejudiced by nature. They learn prejudice from adults. The attitudes and conduct of grown-ups toward persons of other races, religions and lands greatly influence the attitudes and conduct of growing young boys and girls, who look to adults for guidance and "know-how."

Appreciation of friends in other countries is encouraged in children by helping them to understand that there are many things which children in other lands like to do which are the things American boys and girls enjoy.

If we are to have a Christian world, we must practice the teachings of Jesus. Jesus is the friend of children. He had time to spend with them. He loved and enjoyed them. He taught that God is the loving father and friend of all. It is God's plan that we love one another. The poems and prayers on this page are intended to help you guide your children's development of friendship and Christian living.

He Understands

I like to think how long ago
Small Jesus loved his work and play.
When he was young and growing up
In Nazareth so far away.

I think that he was fair and kind,
And loved his friends and playmates, too;
And that he helped the little ones
Keep up, and showed them what to do.

I think he helped to do the work
And always did the best he could
To make his home a pleasant place
By being useful, kind and good.

It makes him seem so close to us
To think about when he was small,
For then we know he understands
The way to love and help us all.³

—FRANCES MCKINNON MORTON

My Friends

Some friends of mine are boys and girls
Who live next door to me;
Some friends are busy grown-up folks
And some I never see.

On every street and country road
The friendly people live;
They help in many different ways
More happiness to give.

Although I don't know all their names,
I'll smile and help and share;
For when each neighbor does his part,
There's gladness everywhere.⁴

—BLOSSOM BENNETT

Prayer

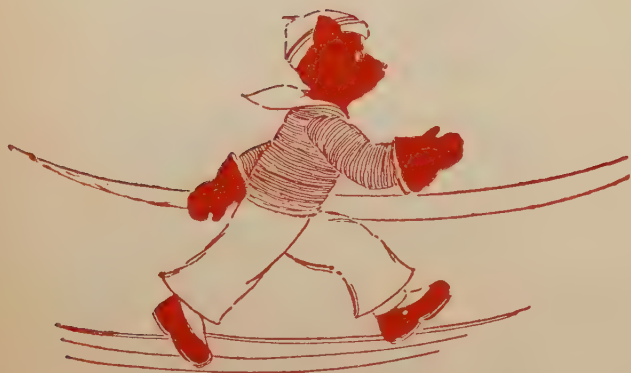
Our Father, put the stamp of thy goodness upon this food and upon us, we pray. Take from us prejudice and pride, and lead us through the day with good will in our hearts for all men. We thank thee for giving us free access to the source of all good. We thank thee for him who shows the way. In his name. Amen.¹

—WILLIAM CLOUGH

¹From *Making Our Community Friendly* by Ida Matilda Koontz, copyright, 1942. Used by permission of The Otterbein Press, Dayton, Ohio.

CUDDLE BEAR

gets mixed up



"All right for you,

Cinnamon Bear,"

said Cuddle as

he stomped away

into the forest

A Story by

ANNE M. HALLADAY

CUDDLE BEAR was good and cross at Cinnamon Bear. Cuddle pushed through the thicket that grew all about the clearing where Cinnamon Bear lived.

Stomp, stomp! Cuddle Bear made for the path down the hill from Cinnamon Bear's house.

"Throwing things in my face that way!" Cuddle Bear stormed. To tell the truth Cuddle was as disappointed as he was cross.

For it was early fall and just a few minutes before, Cuddle Bear had climbed the hill expecting to ask Cinnamon Bear to go with him to look for pinion nuts. Cuddle Bear had been looking forward to the fun they would have.

And then it all had happened.

Cuddle Bear had nosed through the thicket and stood before Cinnamon Bear's house. It was a hole in the side of the hill. The doorway was almost hidden by a large wild pea vine that made a leafy curtain over the arch of the hole. In the summer-time it was gay with blossoms. But now the vine was hung with long pods that rattled when the breezes moved them.

All in a minute as Cuddle Bear stood there—

Crack! Snap! Slap! A shower of hard stinging things had hit Cuddle Bear square in the face.

The little bear's paw had flown up to cover his eyes and cheeks.

But when he had got over his surprise, Cuddle Bear took it away and laughed.

"Hey, Cinnamon Bear, where are you? Stop that. That hurts."

But scarcely before Cuddle had spoken—

Crack! Snap! Slap! Another stinging blast had hit him again. Then as Cuddle Bear turned his back to leave the clearing, still another biting shower had tingled against the back of his neck.

That had made Cuddle Bear good and cross.

"All right for you, Cinnamon Bear," Cuddle called back as he left the thicket.

"Once was bad enough, but three times," Cuddle Bear could not keep from scolding to himself as he joggled down the hillside.

Stomp, stomp, stomp! Little spurts of sand and stones jumped out from beneath Cuddle Bear's feet when at last he stepped into the forest path.

(Continued on page 29.)

JIMMY'S

three bears

Jimmy wished for

something very very

special. Here is

how the Three Bears

made the wish

come true

IT WAS JIMMY'S bedtime. Carefully he set the shoe-box house with its family of three clay bears on his bedside table.

"The little Baby Bear," he said, "the middle-sized Mommy Bear, and the BIG DADDY BEAR."

Mother smiled at him. "You did a good job making those bears, Jimmy. And you've been a good boy today."

Jimmy smiled happily at Mother as she tucked him into bed. "I wish I'd always be good," he said. "I wish I had a little elf to remind me."

Then Jimmy was asleep. The room was very still. Finally a faint ray of early-morning light made its way into the room. It touched the shoe-box house of the Three Bears.

Father Bear stretched and yawned and opened his eyes. Then he called softly, "Mother Bear! Baby Bear! Wake up!"

"OOOOH," yawned Mother Bear.

"EEEEEE," yawned Baby Bear.

"Do you know what we have to do today?" asked Father Bear.

"I suppose I must make porridge," said Mother Bear.

"And then we'll go take a walk in the woods while the porridge cools," said Baby Bear, "and come back to find that Goldilocks has eaten mine all up, and broken my chair to pieces, and is asleep in my bed —"

"No, no," said Father Bear. "Today is going to

be different." He nodded his head wisely, put his finger to his lips, and tiptoed quietly to the door of the shoe-box house. Carefully he peeked out. "The Little Boy's still asleep," he whispered. "Follow me."

Single file—Father Bear, Mother Bear, Baby Bear—they stepped over their doorsill and tiptoed to the open window of Jimmy's room.

Then Father Bear motioned the others to come close. "We're going to surprise the Little Boy," he whispered.

"But he'll cry if he wake up and finds us gone," Baby Bear protested.

"We'll be back before he wakens," Father Bear said. "He's been so good to us," he went on. "First he made us out of clay, then he made our nice little house, but he didn't make any Goldilocks—"

"That's right," said Mother Bear in a pleased voice. "Then we won't be bothered by Goldilocks every day."

"Exactly!" said Father Bear.

"Hooray!" cried Baby Bear.

"So we're going to do something nice for the Little Boy," said Father Bear.

"But what are we going to do?" asked Baby Bear, dancing impatiently up and down on the window sill.

"Sh! Wait and see," said Father Bear mysteriously.

Quickly he led them out to the forest.

"But I thought we weren't going to take a walk in the woods this morning," protested Baby Bear.

"This morning will be different," promised Father Bear.

"What are we going to do?" demanded Mother Bear.

"We're going to get something to take to Jimmy."

"Oh, goody! What?" cried Baby Bear.

"An elf."

A Story by

MARION MARSH BROWN

MARK THAT QUOTATION

Grandma will surely know the right word to fill these blanks. But what of you of the younger generation? Can you do as well? Count 10 for each correct answer.

- 1—"A ____ from the blue."
- 2—"A ____ in his cap."
- 3—"A ____ is born, not made."
- 4—"____ speaks louder than words."
- 5—"As ____ as a pancake."
- 6—"As ____ as a cricket."
- 7—"As near as the ____ to a tree."
- 8—"As ____ as a peacock."
- 9—"As ____ as a bug in a rug."
- 10—"As welcome as ____ at harvest time."

ANSWERS

10—snow	5—flat
9—sung	4—action
8—proud	3—poet
7—bark	2—feather
6—merry	1—bolt

HELEN HOUSTON BOILEAU

"An elf!" exclaimed Mother Bear. "But why?"
"Because he wants one. Didn't you hear him say last night that he wished he had an elf to help him be good?"

"That's right," agreed Mother Bear.

"Shall we get Tommy Elf?" asked Baby Bear.

"Since he's your friend, we'll ask him first," Father Bear replied.

"Then," said Baby Bear, "Tommy Elf can whisper, 'No, no' in Jimmy's ear every time he starts to do something he shouldn't. Then Jimmy will be good, and that will make him happy."

So Father Bear and Mother Bear and Baby Bear found Tommy Elf and told him just what they wanted of him, and he went gaily back to Jimmy's room with them.

Stealthily, the bears crept back toward their little house.

"Now you perch on the head of Jimmy's bed so you'll be on hand when he wakes up, and don't forget your duties," said Father Bear to Tommy Elf.

"I won't," promised Tommy, and with a little flip and a flop, he landed right on the head of Jimmy's bed. He waved his hand jauntily at the Three Bears as they disappeared into their little house.

It was very still in Jimmy's room. But the dim early-morning light had changed to bright sunlight, and presently Jimmy stirred and opened his eyes.

"Ho, hum," he said. "Must be time to get up. Guess I'll call Mommy to get out my clothes."

Then Jimmy blinked his eyes hard and sat straight up in bed, for at the head of his bed he thought he heard a little whisper.

"No, no, Jimmy," came the whisper again. "You're a big boy. Get out your own clothes, then dress and run downstairs. Surprise your mother."

Jimmy giggled. "That would be fun," he said, and out of bed he hopped, pulled out clean clothes, and jumped into them.

The Three Bears inside their little shoe-box house nodded and smiled at each other, and Father Bear gave Baby Bear a great big wink.

"Guess I won't stop to brush my teeth this morning," Jimmy said as he opened his door.

"Now, now, Jimmy," said a little voice above him, "if you don't want a toothache—"

Tommy Elf had flown over and perched on top of the door.

Jimmy grinned a great big grin. "I do believe that little elf I wish for last night has come true," he said. "He's going to make such fun out of being good. Say, I wonder how he got here?"

The Three Bears smiled again, and Baby Bear giggled the tiniest little giggle, which made his friend Tommy Elf say, "Tsk, Tsk," as he flew out and followed Jimmy, to help him have fun being good.

Cuddle Bear

(From page 26.)

"I'll go look for pinion nuts all by myself. I'll find a whole lot, too. And I won't give that Cinnamon Bear one single nut, I won't."

Stomp, stomp, stomp! Down the path toward the river he went. Cuddle Bear was so very busy being cross and disappointed that he did not even look up to see where he was going until—

Bump! He ran right into something soft and warm and fuzzy like himself.

And when he did look up to see, Cuddle Bear's eyes and mouth flew wide open.

"Cinnamon Bear!" he cried.

For sure enough, there was Cinnamon Bear in the path grinning at him.

"But, Cinnamon Bear, you can't be here. Why, I just—"

"Well, I am here," Cinnamon Bear still grinned, "and I was just coming to look for you. I've found a tree chuck full of ripe pinion nuts. It is up on the other side of Stony Hill. You know where it is always so sunny. It is the only one that has any ripe nuts yet."

"But—" Cuddle Bear started again.

"I got up at first Crow-call," Cinnamon Bear went on, "come on, let's go get a basket and fill it full."

"Up at first Crow-call!" Cuddle Bear still could not believe his eyes and ears. But he turned about and followed Cinnamon Bear back up the path to the thicket.

In fact, Cuddle Bear was so glad over the way his unhappy morning was turning about that he almost forgot what had happened a few minutes before.

Almost forgot, that is, until they reached the clearing in front of Cinnamon's house.

There, once again, as Cinnamon Bear started to run inside to get his basket, there came a familiar warning sound.

Crack! Snap!

"Look out, Cuddle Bear!" Cinnamon Bear called.

Cuddle Bear did not have to be warned. This time he ducked and covered his face with his paws.

"Those pea pods are a nuisance," Cinnamon Bear pointed to the long pods on the vine above the door.

"Look, Cuddle, this is what they do."

Cinnamon Bear picked one of the pods and showed it to Cuddle Bear. At first Cuddle Bear could not see anything strange. The pod was long and straight and brown. Then Cinnamon Bear pressed it with his paw.

Crack! Snap! Out flew a tiny shower of hard ripe peas. Then the sides of the pod curled up like a grapevine tendril.

"That's how the vine scatters and plants its seeds," Cinnamon Bear explained. Then he grinned. "They shoot at us all during the fall."

"So that is it?" Cuddle Bear could only stand still for a minute. Then he grinned and told Cinnamon Bear about what had happened early that morning.

HEARTHSTONE'S

HIDDEN BOOK QUIZ

How many books of the Bible can you spell out using only letters in the words "*Hearthstone*, the Magazine for the Christian Family"? Use each letter only as often as it appears. Example: You couldn't use a word having more than two s's, because s appears only twice in the title. There are thirteen books to find. How many can you find?

ANSWERS

Corinthians	Isaiah
Acts	Solomon
Zephariah	Esther
Micah	Nehemiah
Amos	Ezra
Hosea	Genesis

E. F. ABBOTT

"That was what was making me so cross I could not look up when I met you," he told Cinnamon Bear. "I thought that you did not want to play with me. I thought that you threw them at me."

Cinnamon Bear laughed and went in to tell Cinnamon Bear Mama. Soon he came back with a willow-stem basket.

Not long after that, two little bears climbed the sunny slope of Stony Hill. Cinnamon Bear was right. One tree was covered with the open pinecone rosettes. Inside each one the tiny pinion nuts lay like wee brown eggs in a nest.

Cuddle Bear and Cinnamon Bear worked hard and fast. By fifth Crow-call the willow-stem basket was full.

"Now we can eat a few," Cinnamon Bear said when at last the basket would hold no more. "This is the best time, isn't it?" Cinnamon Bear asked as they sat together on a warm stone and nibbled at the sweet nut kernels.

Cuddle Bear nodded. But deep down inside Cuddle Bear wondered. He could not have told whether this was the time or whether the best time had not been when he had met Cinnamon Bear in the path down by the river. For there Cuddle Bear had learned for sure that Cinnamon Bear DID want to play with him. There Cuddle Bear had learned that he and Cinnamon Bear WERE good friends after all.

Family Counselors

Question: Every time the church doors open, my wife is there. I am tired of her attitude toward the church's social affairs. Don't misunderstand, she is a very good wife and housekeeper, but she must be just a little better than her friends. Also, every time any member of the church buys a new piece of furniture we must buy something to "outdo" it. Then my wife says we don't have enough money to have children and she would have to give up her duties in the various church organizations if we had children. I feel I can't pretend to enjoy this way of living much longer. I have hesitated to complain because everything my wife does is good but I am most unhappy. Am I pitying myself, being selfish and jealous in wanting my wife to have children, spend more time at home and less interest in having something better than our next-door neighbors?

Answer: It is a shame to see how some folks carry on and feel that they must emerge just one step ahead of their neighbor, even to their own detriment. It is often difficult to analyze and determine why so many women follow this trend of living such exaggerated lives. But always there is something fundamental lacking when one is dependent on material circumstances. Too, one is usually not confident of one's self when one has to have "things" better than friends' earthly possessions.

First, you must be grateful that your wife's interests are not directly bad ones. After being grateful for that, ask God to go with you every step of the way

Dorothy
Faust



Elizabeth
N.
Jones

that both you and your wife may become so spiritually illuminated that your whole outlook on life will be changed to genuine happiness for both of you.

Second, ask guidance of your minister. Explain to him that you are not opposed to your wife's church work, but you are disturbed over her tendencies to embrace materialism instead of a more expansive love which leads to higher and permanent objectives.

Third, let us look at you a moment. Do you compliment your wife on all her good qualities and abilities and ignore her weakness for "show-off"? Help your wife to have a feeling of security with the things she already has and what she now is. If "showing off" is the main interest in her life, her opportunities will be much greater if she has children. Build up her ego and make her understand what

a marvelous mother she could be and that children would enrich your relationships. Your wife is only half of the partnership. Perhaps if you look carefully, you will find whereby omission and limitation in your own thinking and acting you have contributed to her attitude. After adjusting your own behavior toward her, you will be surprised how quickly she will change. Gratitude and joy are such great helps in our relations with others. The more we claim both the more we eliminate our problems, and all with whom we come in contact are enlightened and blessed.

D. F.

Question: I do not approve of what is being taught my children in Sunday School. I think I'll have to keep them home. What would you do?

Answer: Do you actually know what is being taught, or do you know only what your children tell you? I would do several things before keeping the children home.

1. I would visit my children's classes, perhaps for several Sundays, to actually hear what is being taught.

2. I would examine the materials being used, if I did not already know them.

3. I would talk with the teacher, superintendent, or minister, not critically, but to learn what they feel is being taught, and for what purpose.

If I still disagreed and felt that I did not want my children taught in that manner, I would look for another Sunday school where I would feel at home. But before joining that church, I would acquaint myself with its teaching. I would visit classes, look at materials, talk with officers and teachers, attend a parents' meeting. After joining, I would offer my services in the Sunday school, according to their need and my training and ability. Thus, I would be a part of the Sunday school. I would know the beliefs and the guiding ideas, and so could help to continue at home the training my children were receiving at Sunday school.

E. N. J.

IN-LAWS have usually been given a prominent place among causes of family tension. In fact, the in-law idea has been made into a bogey. In-laws are people and mothers-in-law are mothers. However, the present movement for better understanding of family relationships needs to reach the in-laws too. In time we ought to develop the art of being an in-law to be practiced side by side with the art of being a husband or a wife.

One young wife made the mistake of trying to cut off all contacts between her husband and his family. She took almost the same attitude toward his friends. She felt that his father, mother and other dear ones were rivals to her and the more they had of his love the less secure her position with him would be. In trying to possess him all for herself it was inevitable that she should make him unhappy. Although he still loved her and wanted to be loyal to his home, her possessiveness and her unloving treatment of his family and friends created serious strain.

By failing to understand that his parents might be to her a second mother and father, and his brothers and sisters might be brothers and sisters to her, she made the almost fatal blunder of standing between him and his family. Only when she had learned the hard way that he could hold her first in his life, and at the same time love his parental family, did she begin to build her married life more soundly. Let us see how another wife handled her in-law problem.

Edwin Evans fell in love with Marian Alling. His mother disapproved of her, Ed was her only child and Marian did not seem good enough for him. In time Ed and Marian were married, with Mrs. Evans, senior, still strongly disapproving. The mother's attitude continued to be difficult for Marian to bear. When her first child was a year old she sought an interview with her minister, who was familiar with the outside facts in her family relationships but did not know the inside story.

She put her problem in these words, "Ed is a good husband, but his mother treats me as an enemy. She still tries to get Ed to come to have meals with her as often as possible and leaves me out. She never came into our house until Teddie was born and even then her attitude was as difficult to bear as if she had stayed away. For Ed's sake I have tried to endure all this because I do not want to alienate him from his mother."

The minister was astonished but he did not express it. Rather he said, "You feel that for your husband's sake and in the interest of peace you can endure these lights and antagonisms?"

"Yes, I do," said Mrs. Evans, "but I still believe that something ought to be done to help my mother-in-law to treat us fairly. Ed also is disturbed about all this but he says he does not know what he can do. When he opposes his mother she always goes into a tantrum. Our marriage is the chief instance of his refusing to accept her guidance. She wanted him to marry a girl she had picked out but he wanted to marry me. So here we are; but where are we?"

IN-LAWS are PEOPLE

In-law troubles can

be conquered. Here

is added proof of

the power of an attitude

of unselfish love

By LELAND FOSTER WOOD

FATHER'S LAND

We see in Milltea News [Millburn, N. J., Township Public Schools] that a first-grade teacher was presenting a reading-readiness lesson involving the term and picture, "father." When she asked, "What does a father do to help in the home?" a little first-grader replied promptly:

My father is a lawyer.

He brings home money.

He smashes potatoes for Mother.

He zips up her dress.

Father loves Mother.

He kisses her on the cheek.

My father is a fine fellow.

[. . . which, says one of our editors, is a pretty good summing up of a status that I wish were quo.]

From the *NEA Journal*

"Would your father-in-law be one who could help get this matter straightened out?" asked the pastor. "He seems to be a quiet man, but I do not know him well."

"No, he would not be the answer to the problem," said Mrs. Evans. "You would not realize in seeing these people together in public how little they mean to each other at home. In their home they hardly speak to each other."

The minister went on to say, "Possibly the coldness between Ed's father and mother aggravates your difficulty. I can see that a woman starved for love in her own marriage might cling to her son all the more frantically. Although I do not defend her actions, nevertheless a better understanding of her emotional situation might make it easier to overlook her offenses."

As they faced the many angles of this problem the pastor at last said, "I wonder if this would not be a case for going the second mile? You have done everything within reason to keep from having an estrangement between your husband and his mother."

"I would be willing to go the second mile for Ed's sake, and the third if necessary," said the young woman, splendidly rising above natural resentment and taking an objective attitude toward the situation.

AS MRS. EVANS and the pastor worked together on this point of approach, Mrs. Evans saw that she might try to help her mother-in-law realize that her son's love for her was safe. This she could do by showing that she also loved her and by teaching her child to love his grandmother.

From this standpoint she worked out her plan of campaign for winning the confidence of her mother-in-law. Not days but years were needed to accomplish all that she set herself to bring to pass. With infinite patience and a genuinely scientific attitude she labored toward the objective which she had chosen. Always making much of her husband's love for his mother, seeming not to notice the coldness of the older woman and guiding her little son and the two daughters who followed so that to them their grandmother was a very special person, she gradually made progress.

As it finally began to dawn on this once frantic mother-in-law that her life was rich in the love of her son and grandchildren, and even that her daughter-in-law treated her in a loving way, her own coldness of attitude began to melt away and the time came when she swept aside her reserve and said to her daughter-in-law, "Marian, I have been wanting to

say something to you for a long time and I will say it now. You have been a much better daughter than I have been a mother, and you have been a much better Christian than I. I want you to know that I am deeply sorry for the way I have treated you and I ask you to forgive me.

"I have had to admire you because it is your due. I was blind and foolish. I loved Ed desperately but I know that I have made it hard for him. I love you too, though I have caused you much suffering. Now I love you as much as if you were my own daughter, which in fact you are."

Marian saw at last that beneath the exterior of this woman there was not only something to be pitied but something lovable. But she had loved her even when this was not apparent. She replied, "After all, I am deeply indebted to you for giving me Ed although at first you felt that I was stealing him from you. But I have realized that you are his mother, and now mine, and you have always been a good grandmother to the children. It is enough that we do love one another now. We can forget the past and work together to give as much happiness as possible to Ed and the children. I do not need to forgive you because I have not held anything against you."

THE CHRISTIAN attitude of unselfish love to a person who did not seem to merit it had been to the younger woman a splendid resource for meeting a difficult situation and bringing about a victory on a small scale for those principles of love and trust which are needed to bring more peace into our troubled world. Marian had met in the microcosm of her home the cosmic problem of fear and antagonism which can only be overcome by love. In-law troubles are eliminated or reduced to manageable proportions when the young husband and wife have made a great transition from being primarily son and daughter in their parental homes to being primarily husband and wife, with other relationships taking second place.

it's mealttime!

COOKING NEWS



from Frances Barton

Whether you live near the sea or 1500 miles inland, shore dinners at home are a simple treat if you use quick-frozen fish. They're delicious and easy to cook because they're cleaned and trimmed before quick-freezing seals in their deep-sea goodness within four hours after the fishing boats reach land. And you can surprise the family with almost endless variations of such surf line delicacies as quick-frozen ocean perch and haddock fillets if you master a few resort chefs' secrets of dressing them with different sauces.

Melted butter with a little minced parsley and lemon juice is the simplest fish sauce, and it's suitable for any broiled fish. Shredded blanched almonds browned lightly in butter give an unusual appeal to a broiled fish platter. Another delicious fish platter is prepared by adding a border of broiled

tomato slices. Pour the juice from the tomatoes, with a little melted butter, over the fillets.

BROILED FILLETS OF OCEAN PERCH

Separate fillets; brush with melted butter, and sprinkle with paprika, salt, and pepper. Broil on well-greased broiler rack under medium heat 10 to 20 minutes, or until brown.

Serve with lemon or parsley butter.

LEMON BUTTER. Cream 4 tablespoons (2 ounces) butter, add gradually 1 tablespoon lemon juice, and cream well.

TART LEMON BUTTER. Cream 4 tablespoons (2 ounces) butter, add 2 to 3 tablespoons lemon juice, and cream well.

LEMON PARSLEY BUTTER. To Tart Lemon Butter, add 4 tablespoons minced fresh parsley.

Note: Recipes above make enough to serve with 4 servings fish or vegetables.

Use one of these

delicious sauces

with quick-frozen

broiled fish. Won-

derful to taste

and simple to pre-

pare



TIME OUT

for

Margy

It's a matter of minutes—and values

MOTHER!" Margy burst in from school. "There are some little deaf children in a school, and our school is going to send them a box of presents so they will have a happy time. We may each take one toy of ours to school tomorrow."

Mother smiled. "How nice!" Margy was having many fine experiences in the first grade at school.

There came a slightly worried look on Margy's face. "But Mother, I play with all my toys all the time. Have I got anything I can spare?"

"Oh yes, I think so, Margy. You have so many toys. We can choose one you would especially like to send to the little deaf children."

"Not a mouth organ," said Margy. "The little deaf girl couldn't hear it make music."

"Something to see and handle

would be better," agreed her mother.

That afternoon was no time, Margy's mother felt, to choose a toy. Margy always came home from school very, very tired. There would be too much emotional strain about choosing to part with a perhaps beloved possession. Better wait till morning.

So it happened that next morning the entire working of a busy household was stayed while Margy, her mother and her daddy searched among her toys for a suitable present. Guidance was needed to prevent Margy from choosing undesirable toys and also from giving away something that might cause an undesirable reaction later on.

Everyone was satisfied, though, when Margy chose one of her dolls.

"I love Susie," said Margy simply. "But she will be happy

to go and play with the little deaf girl. She's a nice dolly, isn't she, Daddy?"

Her mother and father both knew that Margy held Susie in high regard. But Margy had not the deep devotion for her that she had for some of her dolls. It was a good choice. Something that was beloved, but not so much so that the parting would be unwise on account of unhappiness and regret after the gift was irrevocably made.

One thing, though, appalled everyone. Susie's clothing was sadly in need of the washtub!

Margy ran to fix soapy water. Daddy set up the ironing board. Mother undressed Susie and took a few necessary stitches to repair a hanging ribbon. Then she washed the clothes and Margy rinsed them. Mother ironed them while Margy and Daddy found wrapping paper and ribbon. A hasty kiss for Margy; and her daddy took her over to school in the car so she wouldn't be late.

Her mother looked around and laughed. "No! We didn't get up late!" she protested to a neighbor who dropped in. "It was getting Margy's gift ready."

How many mothers would have delayed the whole business of housekeeping to do a thing like that? How many mothers would deliberately have put off the gift choosing to the morning hour when it could be best approached? How many fathers would have joined in making the experience helpful and mutual?

That mother, we feel, is putting first things first. To keep an immaculate house and to take part in all the things of community interest that she does, keeps her busy from morning to night. But she does not ever put the keeping of the house in the place of child training.

One often hears, in that community, "What an unusual and delightful child Margy is!"

Close friends of the family would comment, if they were asked, "What an unusual mother and father Margy has."

By G. W. McGAVRAN

SPRINGIE

This is Springie. You

can make him to play with.

But it is even better to

give him away. He can

hold cookies or candy

or even a little present

By VERA GRISIER McCULLY

SPRINGIE IS made of a round ice-cream container like figure A. Or you can use a corn meal box. A salt box will do, but it has no lid, so you can put nothing inside.

Cover the box with colored paper. Construction paper or wrapping paper or shelf paper will do. Cut a strip as wide as the box is tall. Cut it long enough to go all around the box, and a little more. From this paper cut off a strip as wide as the lid is deep. Paste this strip around the side of the lid. Paste the rest of the paper around the box. Do not paste it under where the lid goes, or it will be hard to close.

Instead of pasting paper on it you can paint the box. Use show card colors. You can make the top half one color and the bottom half another color. See figure C. Cut out two little paper circles for buttons and paste them on. Springie's head is a spool like figure B.

Springie has paper springs for arms and legs and neck. Make these of the same paper you used to cover the box. If you paint the box, use colored paper. The arms can match the top color. The legs can match the bottom color.

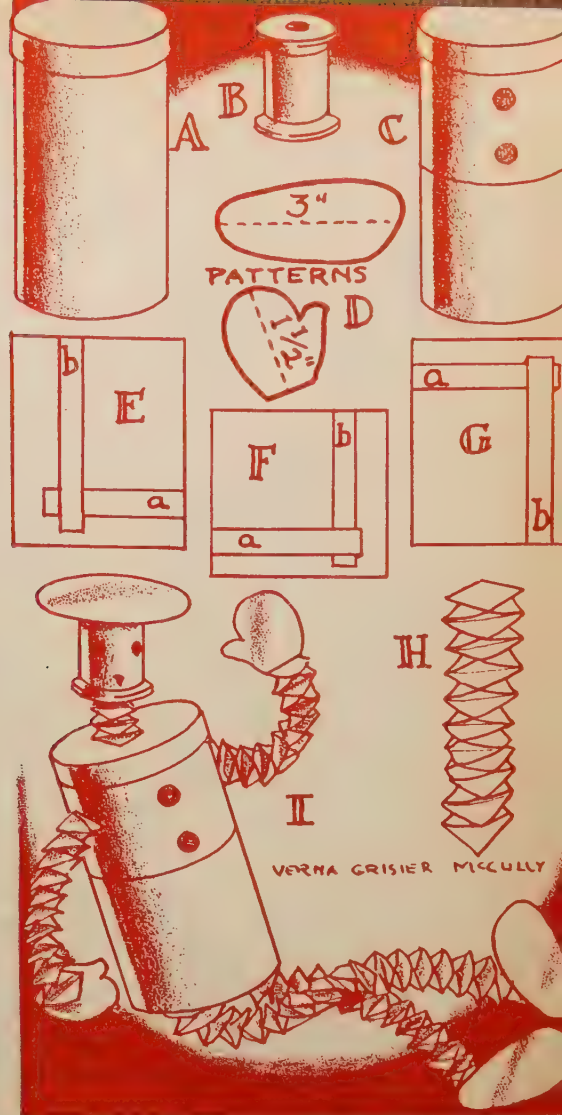
Cut the paper into long strips. These should be three-quarters of an inch wide. For each arm you need two strips twenty inches long. For each leg

you need two strips thirty inches long. For the neck the strips are only five inches long.

To make paper springs, cross the ends of two strips as in figure E. Paste them together. Then fold strip a over strip b, as in figure F. Next, fold strip b down over a, as in figure G. Then bring strip a across b. Keep on this way and you will soon have a long paper spring like figure H. Paste the ends together. Make both arms and legs and the neck this way.

Paste the arms to the side of the box. See figure I. Paste the legs to the bottom of the box. Paste the neck to the top. Springie's hands and feet are cardboard. Figure D shows the shapes. His feet are three inches long. His hands are like mittens. They are one and one-half inches long. Make paper patterns. Then mark and cut cardboard hands and feet. Paste his hands to the ends of his arms. Paste his feet to the ends of his legs.

Draw eyes and a mouth on the spool. Use paint or ink or crayon. Paste the spool on Springie's neck. You can make a cardboard hat. This is just a circle. Then Springie will look like figure I. Some shut-in friend would like him for a present. Or your class might make a lot of Springies for children in a home. Fill them with cookies or popcorn.



family fun for fall

SO MANY DAYS provide the occasion for families to have fun in the fall. First there is Labor Day for September, Columbus Day and Halloween in October, and for November there is Thanksgiving with its merry side as well as its more sober reasons for celebrating.

Labor Day provides a chance for a last fling of freedom for the children before they are tied down in school; the older members of the family also enjoy the long week end thus provided by an extra Monday holiday. So play plans will no doubt please the whole family.

And it is still the warm season, so that in most parts of the country outdoor activities on the beach, in the woodlands or in some park may be planned, which makes it easier to arrange interesting activities for different age groups.

First of all, after the outing grounds have been reached, the younger members must be started on their round of fun. If a young couple, two girls, or a boy and a girl can be persuaded to lead the youngsters in their games, then that problem will be solved and the children can be kept busy and happy in their favorite choice of entertainment. This plan will work equally well even if weather

conditions make it necessary to hold the affair indoors. Just set aside one room for this age group.

Next come arrangements for the older age groups. If the gathering is a family-neighborhood affair, or church aggregation, there will probably be enough young people present to provide their own entertainment, plans for which can have been worked out in advance so everything will go along smoothly. And likewise with the older members. Each group enjoying entertainment especially fitted to its age.

The young people will want active games such as circle games, relay races, and contests. A contest that requires no preparation in advance and that is good fun for the young people or older married folks is this one. Choose a judge and a scorekeeper. Arrange the players in two equal lines facing each other. If possible, put all the men in one line, facing the girls, or women, in the other line. Starting with the leaders of the two lines, request them to look each other in the eyes, draw a long breath, and at the judge's given signal see who can say the longest list of words beginning with the letter A without taking a fresh breath. The judge decides who wins, and a point for that side is recorded by the scorekeeper. The next couple then repeats the performance using the letter B, the third couple uses the letter C, and so on until all have competed. The side totaling the most points, wins. This contest is sure to provoke much merriment, as the contestants look so funny.

So many contests can be staged on the spur of the moment. For example: in an apple race the contestants race to a goal line, carrying, or attempting to carry, four apples in a row on each outstretched arm. In a Cat Chorus the "musicians," after electing a choirmaster, sing some old familiar songs using only "meow-meow-meow" in place of the words of the songs. At an affair of this kind there is usually a profusion of empty soft-drink bottles around. Stage one contest by having the contestants drop small objects

(Continued on page 45.)

By LOIE BRANDOM

Here are games and

contests planned for

that last family out-

ing before school begins

That Studying!

(From page 23.)

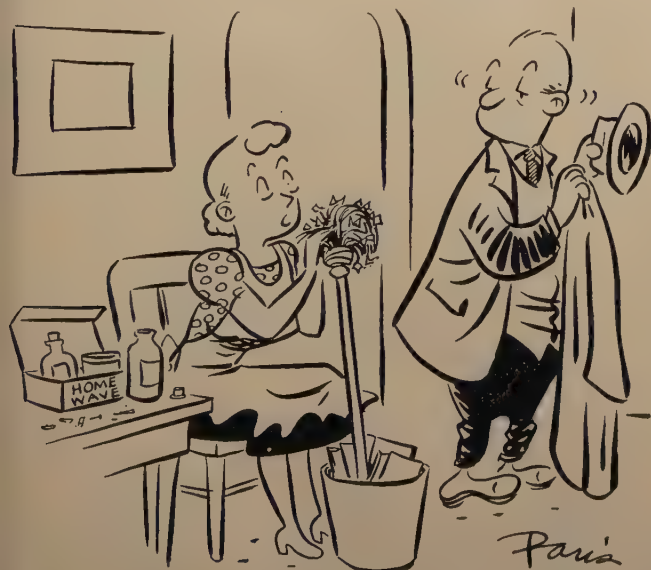
them excellent care and many advantages, in spite of the fact that they are always "on the go" not only to parties and affairs in the town but to business engagements out of town for days at a time. The children are left with someone to care for them and always with stern directions to do their homework.

2. Susan is a below average student with better than average intelligence. Her intelligence is really quite superior, as shown by her wide range of interests and activities in the school, the church, the community. Yet she barely gets passing grades. She does almost no homework.

Why? The answer is simple. She doesn't have time. She is too busy singing in the girls' music club, mixed chorus, choir, serving as drum majorette, working in 4-H Club, acting as social chairman in her Christian Youth Fellowship, counselling a troop of Brownies, taking speech lessons as well as voice, and having many dates.

3. Martha is below average as a student though she has average ability. She seems sincere and industrious to her teachers. They say she tries hard while in school. She works well during periods of supervised study—free time when homework may be done during school hours. But what she doesn't accomplish in study hours at school, she doesn't get done.

Hers seems to be a poor home, but there is a television aerial on it. Her two brothers and her sister are already arguing about who is to see which program when Martha enters the living room—a living room that is a living room in every way. Martha throws her books on the large round table already piled with books, mending, and what not, then joins in the argument over programs. The mother finally settles the argument by making the boys listen to the radio while the girls watch television since the girls will soon have to help with the kitchen work.



"Practicing"

After supper the arguing starts again. The girls are given a turn until their father makes them all get to their homework and takes over the television himself. Then all four children sit around the table to study. After about five minutes the boys take "time out" for the "Lone Ranger" on that radio, since their father is still watching a television show in which he alone is interested. The girls try to study but have eyes directed toward the screen and ears tuned to the radio program. The mother joins her husband before the television, after getting the boys and girls back to their books—for a moment. Then there is another argument about choice of programs, everyone participating.

Finally, Father begins to doze, and Mother becomes absorbed in some mending. So the children take over the television, insisting they have finished their homework. The little girl is made to go to bed at about ten, and a little later, the boys go. But Martha stays up quite late because it is her only chance to enjoy what she wants to see on the screen.

4. Paul and Shirley, brother and sister, both have above average intelligence. Paul recently bought the family a television set with money he earned by working at a hatchery after school. Since then both students have been getting only average grades instead of the high grades they had been receiving. Yet their parents feel that Paul and Shirley are gaining much knowledge from the television programs and are not worried about the falling grades. They are proud of Paul's ability to buy the set and glad for his generosity. They are also pleased that Shirley finds in television "something to do" when she comes home from school.

But what about those falling grades? May they lead to failures and indifference to school work?

As soon as Paul gets home from the hatchery, he demands use of the set even if Shirley happens to be watching something very important to her. Since he feels he owns it, Shirley reluctantly gives in and goes to her room pouting. She plans to do her homework so that she can watch another favorite program after supper. She is too "angry" to concentrate, however and accomplishes little. Then after supper there's news. Next Paul wants a favorite program. There is an argument and, in fairness, the parents decide in Shirley's favor. Paul is sent to his room to do his homework. He pops out every few minutes to see what time it is and if Shirley's program is over. Paul and Shirley are "made" to study while their elders see certain programs, but the "popping out" of rooms continues and in the end they are allowed to stay up later than they should to see late programs as reward for doing their homework.

5. Ruth and David Gammon are good students with average ability. They live in a comfortable home with the same advantages or distractions that Paul and Shirley have. The coming of their television, however, made no noticeable difference in their homework. It seems to have helped a bit for the UN programs have increased their interest in their school studies in social science.

Books and magazines are as natural in the Gammon home as the chairs and tables. Reading and study are part of the family pattern. Parents as well as Ruth and David study. There is constant interest in current events. All listen to and discuss news broadcasts. There are other family interests, such as a homemade puppet show, a stamp collection, model airplanes, and the church. It would be easy to let these interests absorb the time devoted to school work, but there are two reasons why this does not happen. First, the school that David and Ruth attend is one that makes study an interesting adventure, related intimately with everyday life. David and Ruth see reason for study. They gladly read social science assignments in books and newspapers, and actually study certain television and radio programs. Second, the parents have always made it clear that reading and study are essential, now and always, in a successful life. They make this emphasis not only in their words but in their own acts. Finally, the Gammons make it easy for the children to concentrate. School work comes first. A really important radio or television program may interrupt study time now and then, but school assignments must still be completed. And there are places where the children can study alone, away from the rest of the family, although it just happens that all usually study in the living room.

What conclusions can be drawn from these observations? Here are a few:

1. Students do not enjoy studying if others in the family seem to be having exciting fun while they study.

2. Emotional problems, such as jealousy over a sister or brother, feelings of inferiority, insecurity, often make it hard for boys and girls, especially during adolescence, to study well.

3. The school and the community, with many and varied "pulls" at the student's interest and time, often disconcert him and disorganize his whole life. Both school and home need to guide boys and girls to choose activities wisely and organize their time.

4. Lack of harmony in the home makes study there almost impossible. Distraught, overworked, nagging parents never persuade their children to do homework well. While discussion or even intelligent argument can be stimulating, constant bickering is tiring and disintegrating to all personalities in the home.

5. The disorganized appearance of a home, as well as a disorganized household program, makes study difficult.

6. Radio and television, especially the latter, so new and exciting, raise many problems in connection with home study. They need to be studied and used so that they will contribute to the intelligence of their audience, not confuse or destroy it. Programs, like movies, must be selected in keeping with high cultural, Christian standards.

7. The school or the teacher helps students to see reason and purpose in study, gets boys and girls to do homework gladly and well.

8. The family pattern determines to a great extent the attitudes of the children toward study.

9. Boys and girls who have purposes in life that require knowledge, study to acquire that knowledge.

10. The Christian religion can help in two ways—by giving young people a Christian life purpose, and by fitting the church program wisely into the everyday program of the student.

She Counts Her Lambs

(From page 3.)

That sounds like a car coming. But so often what I think sounds like a car turns out to be imagination. This really is a car though. It's turning. There are the lights flashing on my bedroom wall. Now to hear the quick click of the car door . . . the not too gentle flap of the back porch door. And Alfred is whistling. That's to show that he has done nothing to merit a scolding. He's getting milk out of the icebox. The toaster goes down. That means strawberry preserves and toast. But, I'm glad he's in safe and sound. He really is a pretty good guy. I'll let him know I'm awake. He says I'm always asleep the nights he gets in early and awake the nights he's late. But I think he's really glad I care enough to listen for him.

Yes, he's turning his head at the bedroom door. I'll just whisper, "Good night, guy." He hears me—"Good night, Mom."

He's upstairs two steps at a time . . . He's dropping on his bed. I know what will come next . . . Plunk! one size eleven and a half shoe drops above my head . . . Plunk! that's the other shoe.

NOW I can relax and go to sleep. It's really awfully snug here in my own comfortable bed, in our paid-for house, in a delightful suburb . . . I feel like saying a little prayer . . . Dear God, we're all in for the night and I'm thankful. I know the years are going to bring changes and separations. We'll be scattered and I won't have anybody to listen for. When that time comes, I'll try to be ready. But right now—tonight—when all the beds are filled and we're all safe and happy and together—tonight, dear God, I want to say thank you.

BIBLEGRAM SOLUTION

"For the LORD giveth wisdom: out of his mouth cometh knowledge and understanding. He layeth up sound wisdom for the righteous: he is a buckler to them that walk uprightly." (Proverbs 2: 6-7)

The Words

A. Kittens	I. Half	Q. Destroy
B. Luke	J. Harmed	R. Cheerful
C. Boohoo	K. Reason	S. Short
D. Hummed	L. South Pole	T. Divided
E. Foot	M. Which	U. Saint
F. Naughty	N. Twilight	V. Winter
G. Hugged	O. Humps	W. Work
H. Glutton	P. Tamed	



Books for the Hearth Side

Flicka, Ricka, Dicka and Their New Skates, by Maj. Lindman (Albert Whitman & Co., Chicago, Illinois) is a picture-book story, presented in the language and light of a child's own experience. The full-page pictures in color add much to the attractiveness of the book. The text has been checked against the Thorndike Word List for reading difficulty and the print is excellent for the first- and second-grade readers. Preschool children will enjoy having the story read to them. This is one of a series of books by Mrs. Lindman about these three young Swedish sisters, who are favorites of young readers.

Children's parties are much more fun when the children themselves help with the planning and decorating. Parents will find delightful helps for almost every occasion in the book **Holiday Craft and Fun** by Joseph Leeming (J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, 93 pages, \$2.50). The directions for the invitations, favors, decorations, centerpieces, and games are in such simple style, the children will be able to follow them with little or no guidance. The suggestions all make use of very inexpensive materials, yet the products are very attractive. Teachers would probably like to have this book as a resource book.

Surprise for Nancy by Gene Barr (Albert Whitman & Company, Chicago 6, Illinois, \$1.00) is a story for the very youngest boy and girl reader. The narrative is set in primer style type and has been checked against the Rinsland Word List for reading difficulty. It is a simple story, encouraging good habits and manners in the young child.

At the present time, most young boys and girls are interested in cowboys and very much desire cowboy outfits to wear. **Texas Pete, Little Cowboy** by Gene Barr (Albert Whitman & Company, Chicago 6, Illinois, \$1.00) is the story of a young boy who helped earn his outfit. It is a wholesome story and one which will be pleasing and entertaining to the young readers. The simple language and style make it a good book for boys and girls to read for themselves.

A truly great and beloved American was the late Will Rogers. Guernsey Van Riper, Jr. has captured much of the spirit of the humorist and has put it in excellent story form in his book **Will Rogers, Young Cowboy** (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Inc., Indianapolis, Ind., 195 pages, \$1.75). This is one of the *Childhood of Famous Americans Series*. Boys and girls from eight to twelve will particularly enjoy this book. It will hold the attention of many adults, also, especially those who remember this famous American.

No, More Fun in the Water is not advice on how to get little Johnny to wash behind his ears or enjoy his Saturday night bath. This book by Eidola J. Bourgaize (published by Association Press, New York, 118 pages, \$2.00) is

a book of water games for swimmers, non-swimmers, and beginners. Look these chapter titles over and see if you can't use this volume of water-lore: *Swimming Through the Centuries*, *Fun for the Landlubber*, *Fun for the Novice* and the *Average Swimmer* and the *Old Salt*, *Water Stunts*, *Water Parties*, *Water Pageants*, and *Teaching Junior to Swim*. The last chapter alone makes the book worth while for parents.

A helpful book for parents, either for personal reading or for group study, is Carl Kardatzke's **The Home Christian** (published by The Warner Press, Anderson, Indiana, 112 pages, 75 cents). It strives to help at the point of answering the old, old question, "How can we make our homes more Christian?" It takes the view that basic religious teaching can be, is, and must be done in the home if Christian faith is to be truly vital. Each chapter is supplied with discussion questions, and there are four appendices of helpful material. Suggestions on audio-visual materials are also made.

Every home should have a book of prayers as well as a Bible. **Prayer Book**, for the Family Circle and for Personal Devotions, edited by Karl H. A. Rest (published by The Christian Education Press, Philadelphia, Pa., 184 pages, \$1.50) will fill this need very well. It is a collection of prayers, both ancient and modern, which will provide some of the richest devotional thought of the centuries to those who use it. Such a book should not be used as a substitute for one's own personal expression of prayer. It may, however, enrich his meditations and prayers with ageless beauty and reverence. Prayers are given which will meet all different occasions in the home.

Part of the solution to Churchill's description of Russia as a "riddle in a mystery wrapped in an enigma" lies in the tumultuous history of that great brooding land. Elizabeth Seeger's **The Pageant of Russian History** (published by Longmans, Green and Co., Inc., New York, 433 pages, price \$4.50) will give the reader who wants to know something of that history a thrilling account of the effect of violent forces, both natural and human, on the character of the Russian people. The closing three chapters which tell the story of the revolution of 1917 and the setting up of the U.S.S.R. and the bitter battle against German invasion will give the reader a fair grasp on the historical facts of these recent years. The book explains much without attempting to justify. Miss Seeger's earlier **Pageant of Chinese History** went through several printings and this new book should do as well, for we need to know our world neighbors.

The young boy who is interested in trains will be fascinated with the book **Perhaps I'll Be a Railroad Man** by Ray Bethers (Aladdin Books, New York, unpagged, \$1.75). This is the third in the series of vocational books by the same author. The reader will learn such things as what locomotive whistle signals mean; the meaning of lamp, flag and hand signals; the kinds of cars and the various kinds of locomotives. Diagrams of the motors and attractive illustrations of trains, tracks and bridges help make this an invaluable book for the mechanically minded young boy.

Daniel in the Cub Scout Den by Julilly H. Kohler (Aladdin Books, New York, 192 pages, \$2.50) is really a boy's book. Almost all boys look forward to their ninth birthday so that they will be eligible for membership in a Cub Scout Troop. Daniel first decided to become a scout because Tom, a boy he did not like, thought he could not be one. During his very first year, Daniel discovered that by being friendly and helpful to Tom, he began to really like him and they became good friends. This story is fast moving, with plenty of excitement. It has a background of wholesome family life and would be a worth-while and interesting book for boys eight, nine and ten years old.

The Good Old Days

(From page 22.)

great service, but shall make gayne for His ministers and people."

We are having some bitter religious controversies in which a Christian spirit is often lacking. But we do not burn each other now, nor do we call names quite as bitterly as our forefathers did. *An Old Fox Tarred and Feathered* is the title of a religious pamphlet of about a century and a half ago. Who was the "Old Fox"? It was John Wesley, heroic missionary and minister of early Methodism. And who was it who wanted to tar and feather him? None other than Augustus Toplady, who wrote "Rock of Ages."

Now, as to the religion of college students: In 1822, there were 291 students in Harvard College, seventeen of these were professing Christians. In ten representative colleges less than one-third of the students professed to be Christians. In 1800, it is stated that only ten per cent of students and faculties of our leading colleges were Christians. Today, over fifty-two per cent of college and university students at least profess Christianity.

The origin and growth of such organizations as the Y.M.C.A., the Christian Endeavor, Youth Fellowship, and the like, are a powerful witness that there never was a time when youth was hearing and responding to the call of Christ as they are today.

People are joining the churches of our country at the rate of approximately two thousand per day. Almost a daily Pentecost.

This croaking about the decadence of our own day and longing for "the good old days" is not peculiar to our times. In Ecclesiastes 7:10, we read, "Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these?" They were doing it in Solomon's day. And listen to this: "Our earth is

degenerate in these latter days; there are signs that the world is speedily coming to an end; bribery and corruption are common; children no longer obey their parents . . . the end of the world is evidently approaching." Was that written recently? Oh no. It is taken from an Assyrian tablet, which experts date about 2188 B.C.

Surely there are evils aplenty in our day, the millenium is not yet here. But we shall never bring it about by bemoaning the evils of the present and longing for the good—real or imagined—of the past. There is no real reason to whimper or whine, to look back with heartsick longing for the past. Let us read the rest of Ecclesiastes 7:10. "Thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this." That is still true.

What Does Your Family Hear?

(From page 6.)

many other things to do in the way of making things and my son enjoys doing these things with me, that we scarcely turn on our radio or television set, except for our few favorite programs." Parents who have many other interesting things to do, will find the regulating of listening and viewing easier. It is only when we forbid one activity without providing an attractive substitute or without encouraging the initiative that will find a good substitute, that we get into trouble.

PARENTS OF today must deal with the standard of the community and what the children of other families are doing. Especially is this true when children from one home play with the children of another in which standards differ. Would it not be possible for parents of both homes, or several homes, to get together to discuss the best way of utilizing audio resources, even exchanging records, rather than just putting up with what comes to them via radio and television? More and more records, radio and television programs are available, designed to increase the spiritual life of the listener and viewer. Records are being produced in larger quantity that deal with Bible readings, Bible stories, hymns and religious music. The National Council of Churches through its Central Department of Broadcasting and Films is seeking to cultivate and produce more radio and television program that have definite religious values. Many other programs both those sustained by the stations and those commercially sponsored are depending upon religious themes or carrying high moral teaching in them. All of the networks provide excellent literary and musical productions which in themselves have deep spiritual quality. Many families build some of their devotional and worship experiences around these audio resources.

Rich indeed is the family that heeds the words of the psalmist, "Make a joyful noise unto the Lord. . . Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing," and that will perform these acts of worship together as a family.



"No. Vera Mason lives three houses down, on this same side of the street. But wouldn't you like to step in and rest up before you start?"

WHAT THE CHURCHES ARE DOING IN

family life



By J. D. MONTGOMERY

Hearthstone Fellowships in the local church derive their name and receive help from the *Hearthstone* magazine. These Fellowships originated out of the need for local churches to provide a service to Christian parents that will enable them to make family life more effective.

These Fellowships are designed to help parents understand better their tasks as parents and to assist them through discussion and study groups to perform more adequately these tasks. These group meetings may be held in the church or in homes according to the conditions and needs of local churches. In some congregations they are planned as neighborhood gatherings where parents come together for study, discussion and acquaintance.

Groups of churches on a community or area basis are holding institutes for local church leaders and Christian parents where the purpose of and techniques for organizing *Hearthstone* Fellowships in the local church are presented and studied.

*A Community *Hearthstone* Institute*

At one of the churches in Oak Park, Illinois, a *Hearthstone* Community Institute was held on Sunday afternoon and evening of February 11, 1951. Leaders and parents of eight churches were in attendance with some sixty-five present. The afternoon session began at three thirty with a brief devotional, followed by an opening statement by the presiding chairman. An explanation of the objectives of *Hearthstone* Fellowships and a suggested plan for organizing and conducting these fellowships in the local church were presented by a guest speaker. A panel composed mainly of parents then led the group in a discussion of the needs of families and endeavored to indicate how *Hearthstone* Fellowships can help them find answers to these needs. The afternoon session closed with a helpful worship service led by one of the couples of the group.

A period of fellowship and acquaintance then followed as the group went to the dining room where the host church served the evening meal. Following the meal, some familiar songs were sung and the sound filmstrip, "At Home With God," was shown with a brief discussion on worship in the home, based on the filmstrip.

At seven thirty the group returned to the sanctuary of the church for the evening program. At this session a *Hearthstone* Fellowship was enacted by a group of four couples who had made previous preparation for it. They used as the basis for their discussion the article appearing in the December issue of *Hearthstone*, entitled, "Your Family and Its Community." The discussion guide, appearing in the same issue of *Hearthstone*, served as a basis for the discussion. Keen interest was shown in this practical portrayal of how a *Hearthstone* Fellowship can be carried on by a group of parents in the local church.

During both the afternoon and evening sessions literature and resource guidance materials were on display for those in attendance to examine and peruse.

Hearthstone Area Institutes

Hearthstone Fellowship Institutes were held on an area basis in the state of Minnesota during the days of May 7, 8, and 10, 1951. These were held in the centers of Minneapolis, Rochester and Mankato and were sponsored jointly by the state offices of the American Baptist Convention, Joseph Chapman, director of Christian education, and the Disciples of Christ, Wallace W. Pomplun, director of religious education. Guest leaders from out of the state were Joseph John Hanson of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and J. D. Montgomery of Indianapolis, Indiana.

The program for these institutes began at five o'clock in the afternoon with registrations and a fellowship period which was followed at six with the evening meal served by the host church. Joseph Chapman and Wallace W. Pomplun, co-sponsors of these institutes, alternated as presiding chairman and worship leaders. The cooperative feature of these gatherings with leaders and parents representing both Baptist and Disciple churches gave to them added significance.

At the close of the evening meal an inspirational address by Joseph John Hanson set forth the challenges and opportunities of Christian family life education in our churches, pointing out avenues by which this may be achieved. Emphasis was placed on the need to recapture those intimate relationships of the families of yesterday; on the importance of things that the family alone can do; on the need to arouse in members of the family a pride in being part of a Christian community; on how to broaden the concept of members of the family and to help them understand the peoples of other lands; and on how they should be helped to a deeper understanding of Jesus.

The next part of the evening program was the sound filmstrip, "Family on Trial." This portrayed in an appealing way the importance of the influence of teaching as well as the example of parents.

The *Hearthstone* Fellowship plan was then presented by J. D. Montgomery and its objectives outlined with steps suggested for integrating these fellowships into a local church program. This led to a discussion in which the entire group participated and studied the possibilities of embodying *Hearthstone* Fellowships as a part of the program of their respective churches.

The closing feature of the evening was a worship service conducted by one of the state leaders.

STUDY GUIDE

on "What Does Your Family Hear?"

I. Report on the Article

A. Every member of the group should have a copy of *Hearthstone* and should read the article before attending the meeting.

B. Brief review or summary of the article by leader.

II. General Principles for Different Age Groups.

A. Preschool Children.

1. This is the "Age of Noise" and children are greatly influenced by it.

2. Parents have responsibility to select wisely the things that are heard in the family by this group.

3. Music in all its forms can be a valuable aid in creating right influences.

B. Elementary School Children.

1. A larger measure of choice may be given to this group in selecting audio resources.

2. Parents should know what programs are being heard by this group in order to deal wisely with problems which may arise.

3. Listening together to different types of programs is important at this age.

C. Adolescents

1. This group will expect larger leeway in choosing its audio resources.

2. Parents should guide by suggestion and by providing the best resources available.

D. General

1. In choosing audio resources, certain tests might be set up and agreed upon through the family council.

2. See the tests suggested by the author.

III. General Discussion

A. Creating Our Own Audio Resources

1. Does the group have access to a recorder either wire or tape or disc? Discuss how such a piece of equipment could be used to help a family to improve its conversation and general tone of audio resources.

2. Can the church serve as a channel through which a group of families could make up a small amateur orchestra?

3. Could a family night for folk games and other types of singing recreation be established? By accommodating these events to neighborhood districts, the family unit could be preserved.

4. Could parents attending church groups be given books and materials for home singing? Encourage parents to purchase for home use, copies of the music and song books that are used in the children's departments of the church school. Home singing of those songs would do much to increase church school

participation on the part of the children. One denomination has had albums of records made of those songs usually sung in the nursery and kindergarten departments so that home listening may lead to home singing and thus increase the child's religious development. Ask the superintendents of the various children's departments to teach the parents' group the songs the children are singing in church school. This is particularly effective during Christmas, Easter, and other special seasons of the church year.

B. Church Families Share Resources

1. Many families are purchasing records for their children and for family listening. Some families have discovered the fine set of records to guide folk games. New records are sometimes played often for a while and then go back to the shelves to remain unused for a long period of time. Could the church establish a sort of record exchange or record lending library so that families might share their resources?

When Children Come with You

plan to have a leader who may:

Conduct a Story Hour. Stories may be found in this magazine, in the primary and junior story papers, in books borrowed from the public library, the school or church library.

Guide in Making Articles. Suggestions are sometimes given in this magazine, in the primary and junior story papers, or in such books as *Holiday Craft and Fun* by Joseph Leeming.

Direct Games. Suggestions are sometimes given in this magazine, in the primary and junior story papers, and in books such as *Children's Games From Many Lands*, by Millen.

Lead a Missionary Project. For information Baptists may write to Miss Florence Stansbury, 152 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y., and Disciples to Miss Carrie-Dee Hancock, 222 Downey Ave., Indianapolis 7, Indiana.

2. Could families pool some funds in order to purchase some of the materials that they would like to hear once or twice but might not wish or be able to own as a single family? For example, such recorded material as the *All Aboard*

for *Adventure* series for children and *The Radio Edition of the Bible*.

3. The selection of records could be discussed by the church group. Criteria should include consideration of the basic spiritual objectives of the church. Care should be taken that recorded Bible stories shall be of those stories that contribute most to the experience of the age group contained within the families that will be using them. Generally to be avoided are the overdrawn sound effects that stress the horror aspects of Bible events.

C. Radio and TV Programs that Enrich Family Life

1. With the amount of time spent upon radio listening and television viewing, it is hoped that those programs that will contribute most in the way of enjoyment, enrichment and beauty will be selected. Most of the networks are glad to furnish individual families and certainly local church groups with advance notice of programs that have educational and musical qualities.

2. Could not a church group extend an invitation to the local radio station or television station manager to come and discuss the best in radio listening and how the listener can get the most out of the use of the radio?

3. It might be possible to arrange a tour of the local radio or television station by a group of parents or a group of families so that in becoming more familiar with radio and television techniques, the family will learn better how to utilize the programs being sent out by the stations.

IV. Resources for Further Study

EISENBERG, PHILIP AND KRASNO, HECKY. *A Guide to Children's Record*. New York, Crown Publishers, 1948. A complete descriptive listing and appraisal of recorded stories, songs and music for children of all ages.

The Audio-Visual Resource Guide for Use In Religious Education. (A publication of The Visual Education Fellowship, Chicago.)

ROSSER, PEARL. *Radio for the Family*. (A pamphlet.) The National Council, Chicago.

The United States Office of Education issues periodically lists of radio and television programs that have been found good for children's listening.

By PEARL ROSSER

HEARTHSTONE

Mother Makes a Bargain

(From page 9.)

In the doorway she added pleasantly, "I'll call you in the morning in time for you to air your beds and hang up your clothes."

The twins looked surprised, but nodded, and went on rattling and banging dishes.

In the living room Arda, busy at her desk with housekeeping accounts heard the usual scuffling of heels overhead and sounds of showering in the bathroom. Then a highly aggrieved voice shrilled downstairs. "Where'd you put our plaid blouses, Mom? They aren't in the dresser or closet."

"I haven't seen them, June, since I washed them Monday. Didn't you iron them?"

"Jeepers, Moth-ur. We forgot. Now what'll we do?"

"Wear your green-and-white-striped cottons. Too bad, because you girls hate those dresses."

At that moment Carl galloped into the room. "Where's my baseball bat, Mom? You know, my new one."

Pencil suspended over account book, she answered calmly, "I haven't seen it since you and Bill were batting balls against the house a few days ago."

"Oh, me, if I lost it . . ." Muttering something, he called back from the front door, "Going over to Billy's. P'raps he's got it. Back soon." And he slammed out.

AT LUNCH several days later, after a few more wholesome, but not their favorite meals, the young Prestons ate in heavy silence. Arda's lips twitched, but the anxious glances the youngsters gave her appeared lost on her.

"Mother," June began in a voice that surprisingly enough quavered. Generally June was perfectly sure of herself, and of what she meant to get out of life. "Mother," June swallowed and made a fresh start, "we're beginning to catch, I mean, get what this is all about. You're trying to tell us something. . . ." "But not in so many words," Julie supplemented. "We kids had a sort of talk—"

Carl broke in, eyes bright as a

squirrel's, "And we think you'd better get it off your chest, whatever it is."

"Of course, Mom," June assumed the lead when Carl stopped, "you had us guessing at first. Some days we'd have spiffy meals, like always, then like this noon, just stuff out of cans," she wrinkled her nose, "and hurry-up dishes, and no dessert, only an old apple or an orange. Oh, they're all right," she hastened to add, "but we've always bragged we've got the most wonderful mother in the world. Why, her cooking and baking are simply galuptious."

Arda spoke gravely, though her mouth quivered with an almost irresistible desire to laugh at the

**The heart of the wise,
like a mirror, should reflect
all objects, without being
sullied by any.**

Confucius

seriousness in the young faces, "Thanks, children, I enjoy fixing the things you like, but—"

"But," Julie broke in, "you're trying to show us—I mean, you want us to find out for ourselves that if you do your part, we must do ours. Isn't that it?"

Nodding, Mrs. Preston explained briefly her feeling of responsibility for training her young brood to become good members of their own family, good sports, and good citizens of the community and of the world.

"The other night when I couldn't sleep for missing your father, and wishing he could be here more to help with your bringing up, it occurred to me that I might lay out certain duties for each of you. Oh," she spoke rapidly when she saw the dismayed expression that swept over their faces, "not heavy duties—you'll still have plenty of time for fun and gay doings during the vacation, but I feel I'm not being a wise mother if I let you play all the time, if I do all the work, and let you run wild. I feel our living together harmoniously as a family

involves fair play and teamwork. Each player on your school basketball team or baseball nine must faithfully do his part, and that's the way I want to run our home. Sort of sharers. You'll have your chores, I'll have mine. If you do yours, so will I. If you shirk—"

"That'll mean a sloppy house and bum meals," Carl summed it up matter-of-factly.

They all laughed.

NEXT MORNING Arda handed the twins and their brother small typed sheets that listed their daily tasks. Her own list she tacked above the kitchen sink.

Carl made a wry face when he scanned his sheet. "Oh, me, do I hate that job of mowing the lawn!"

"I suppose," June offered, her nose at a haughty angle, "Jule and I adore doing dishes, but if we have to . . ." She shrugged.

"Aw right, 'nuff said. I'll get busy on the back yard. But I gotta phone Billy I can't go swimming today."

"It's only ten o'clock, and you can be through in a couple of hours if you pitch right in," his mother encouraged, then turned to the twins who were attacking the dishes with energy if not pleasure. "I'll make a peach pie for dinner, then sprinkle your undies if you want to iron them after you've done your room."

"Hey, Mom," Carl asked, his hand on the screen door latch, "if I do outdoor work, can't the girls do my bed?" Before she could answer, he announced with a fierce scowl, "A boy's a sissy if he does housework. Bill says so."

"You wouldn't call your father a sissy," Mrs. Preston went on rolling out pie dough. "You've seen him help me dozens of times get a meal or wash dishes."

Stuffing an apple in each pocket, Carl said, "Aw right, I'll do my bed when I'm through cutting the grass," and slammed out.

For an entire week the household machinery ran smoothly. The children did their tasks faithfully, if not with loud cheers of joy, and their mother prepared the meals they liked, and kept the cooky jar filled.

She had just posted a letter to

their father on the success of her plan, praising the youngsters for their good teamwork when the very next day everything went into reverse.

The weather itself had something to do with the miscarriage of her scheme, she admitted in the next letter to Tom. The August heat clamped down around her so thick she could scarcely breathe when she rose early in the morning as usual. The sun was a burning ball. No breeze stirred the leaves on bush or tree. Even the rapturous matin songs of the birds were stilled.

The house, generally cool in morning freshness, seemed like a bake oven. Languidly Arda prepared breakfast, but when she called the children, and they didn't respond, she decided to let them sleep.

A cup of coffee and a piece of toast was all she took time for. She was in a hurry to get her marketing done before the heat intensified. Perhaps she should do that part of the shopping the twins were to do—Cokes and picnic supplies. She decided not to.

When she dragged herself and her bag of groceries out of the car and into the kitchen, a note propped up on the table confronted her.

Dearest Mom:

Mary phoned and we've gone with the gang for a swim and a picnic in the woods. Expect us when you see us. Leave everything. We'll do the whole job when we get back. Keep cool.

June and Julie

At the bottom of the page Carl had scrawled,

Billy's father has took us fishing, and maybe I can bring you some fish for dinner.

Your loveing son

NIGHT HAD thrown its dark cloak over the outdoor world when Arda, pacing the front porch with mounting uneasiness, heard a car stop at the curb. Carl crawled out, and up the steps.

"Oh, me, Mom," he said in a small voice, "am I ever sleepy? It's me for bed. No, I had some cats. No, I didn't get any fish. It

was fun, though. Goo' night." He kissed her, his face dirty, smelling of fish.

"Better take a shower, Son. It'll rest you," she said, stepping over socks, shoes, shirts, tennis racket, and baseball bat, all strewn over his bedroom floor.

"Bed," he mumbled, stripping off his clothes.

She had to fight herself not to help him, not to straighten his tumbled bed, not to put his room in order. But grimly she resisted the impulse. She smiled to herself when he flung himself onto the tangle of bedclothes, and already half to asleep, mumbled, "Do it tomorrow, Mom, sure."

The sound of car wheels on the gravel driveway, shrieks and whoops of laughter made Arda hurry down into the front hall.

The twins with a dozen or more girls and boys from the neighborhood burst into the house, all talking at the top of their lungs.

"Brought the bunch home for a feed, Mom," June, sunburned and disheveled, announced at the head of the pack. "Jeepers, but can we do with some food and . . ."

She stopped in the doorway of the untidy living room, flashed a glance at Julie, and the twins stood, speechless, looking guilty and embarrassed.

"I'm afraid, youngsters," Mrs. Preston said with her friendly smile, "you'll find only milk in the refrigerator, and a few cookies in the cooky jar. Oh, yes, I did buy cheese and boiled ham and bread this morning."



proverbs 15:21

by Hilda K. Watkins

June's eyes sent a message of gratitude to her mother.

"Sorry there are no Cokes, but we have plenty of lemons, so if you, June and Julie, will come into the kitchen, we can have pitchers of ice-cold lemonade ready quickly."

Hand clapping and whistles greeted her suggestion.

"You're a darling, and we feel like heels, Mummy," June said when she surveyed the pile of used dishes in the sink. "We'll do every last one of these before we go to bed."

When at last the impromptu party broke up, Mary and Jeb, who lived next door, still lingered.

Stretched at ease on the side porch glider Arda heard June explain eagerly, "Sure, Mary, we do have certain jobs, and we've agreed that Mom isn't to do 'em for us even if we come in late and have to stay up half the night—"

"Oh, I know you have lots of time for fun, and sometimes," Mary's voice sounded wistful, "I'd really like to mess around in the kitchen but since Auntie and Gran 've come to live with us, the place's pretty crowded."

Julie added her bit of explanation. "You know our dad has to be away so much, and that'd leave the whole works to Mom if we kids didn't pitch in and do our share."

"You see," June said with her infectious giggle, "if we hadn't shirked today, our home would have looked slicked up like always, and it was all our fault about no Cokes. We're supposed to shop for our picnic things and—"

"Holy cat!" Jeb exploded. "What's all the noise about? I think your mother's a grand sport, and we sure had a swell time here. Who cares if there's dust on the piano, and newspapers and mags on the floor? We had plenty of good eats and loads of fun."

"Thanks, Jeb," the twins said in a breath, and June went on, and Arda knew how high the girl held her head, "we Preston kids think we've got the finest parents in town, and I guess it's working together that makes us a family."

The unintentional eavesdropper on the side porch smiled mistily in the dark.

Family Fun for Fall

(From page 36.)

(shelled corn, pebbles, peanuts or marbles) from shoulder height into the bottles placed upright on the ground at the contestants' feet.

ALWAYS GOOD for a laugh for either young or older groups is a "stuttering marathon." A funny saying such as—Silly Susie slips slightly on slick slices of ices, or Paul and Saul toil to haul soil—is given to each group, or each individual as preferred. When the starting signal is given, each con-

testant or group, begins stuttering the saying assigned, and the one wins who keeps going the longest without laughing.

There are many on the spur of the moment ~~starts~~ for entertaining which are tried and true, old but still enjoyed, such as bobbing for apples, or eating apples, suspended on strings, tugs of war, ball throwing and running contests, and guessing games.

The still older and less active group will probably prefer to act as spectators, and probably will take over the duties of judging and scorekeeping for the events.

Thus each member of each family, or group of families, can find a niche into which he can fit, with the choice of activities always his own.

Well-filled picnic baskets and thermos jugs are the answer to the "what do we eat" query.

And of course, try to plan your outing place as near at hand as possible to avoid the necessity for being on the crowded highways in a rush of holiday traffic. That is one of the main reasons for planning this kind of a get-together for family fun.

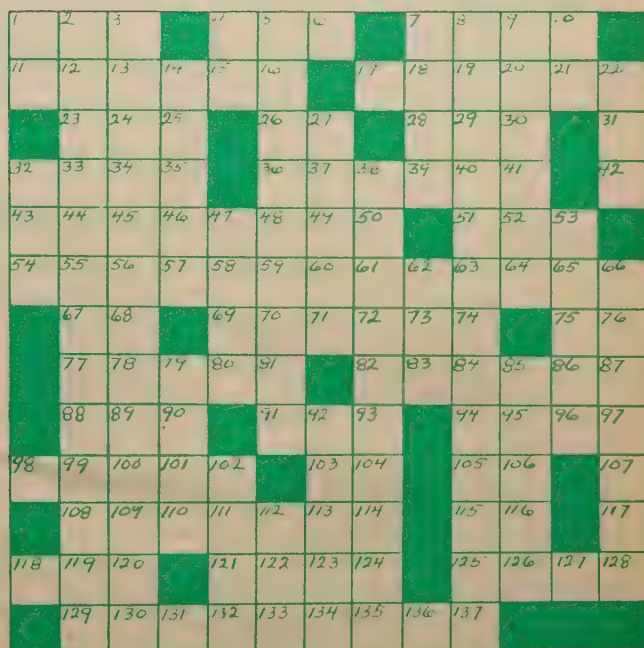
BIBLEGRAM

By Hilda E. Allen

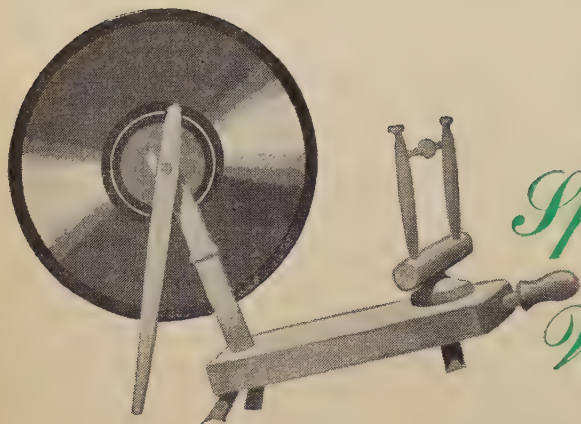
Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The black squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, the filled pattern will contain a selected quotation from the Bible.

- A. Baby cats -----
42 64 15 73 47 52 84
- B. The third Book of the New Testament -----
136 129 111 104
- C. To weep or cry loudly --
108 44 78 92 32 37
- D. Sang with the lips closed
74 79 87 120 57 53
- E. Part of the body; also a measurement -----
88 116 100 135
- F. Disobedient, or mischievous -----
43 51 75 11 41 60 71
- G. Embraced strongly -----
35 101 96 66 93 63
- H. A person who eats entirely too much -----
49 69 24 34 40 89 62
- I. One of two equal parts of anything -----
134 123 127 27
- J. Hurt, injured, or damaged -----
67 61 90 38 99 56
- K. A cause for something --
94 68 70 59 26 65
- L. The southernmost part of the world (two words) --
19 2 33 4 5 76 8 7 6
- M. The third word of The Lord's Prayer -----
125 118 132 110 122
- N. The light from the sky between sunset and full night -----
25 45 29 46 83 133 28 91
- O. The mounds or elevations on camels' backs -----
103 109 22 130 102



- P. Made gentle and obedient, as lions, tigers, etc. -----
121 126 31 119 85
- Q. To ruin, demolish, or shatter -----
10 14 77 98 58 23 137
- R. Joyous, or full of cheer
36 16 39 50 3 1 54 112
- S. Not long from end to end; not tall -----
106 97 86 114 117
- T. Separated, or cut into parts -----
48 12 13 18 81 113 20
- U. A holy or godly person, such as Paul, Matthew, etc. -----
30 107 105 80 124
- V. The coldest part of the year -----
17 95 55 115 72 9
- W. To toil, or labor -----
82 21 131 128



The Spinning Wheel

By ANN I. TATMAN

Almost all boys and girls from the age of three to the age of eleven go through the cowboy or cowgirl stage. They wear cowboy clothes, walk like cowboys, talk like them. While many parents deplore this fact it is something hard to avoid. The children can be kept away from the television and its "Westerns" and still they become cowboys.

So make the best of it! There are some fine and interesting facts, stories, and songs about the West that can be substituted for the stories of gunfights, and which can catch the imaginations of the children just as much as the gorier details of old-time Western life. Look up some of the stories in your library—those about explorers like Lewis and Clark; about missionaries such as John Mason Peck or Marcus Whitman; about the heroic Pony Express riders; about the men who built the railroad across the continent; and about the men who drove the cattle hundreds of miles so it could be sent East to the markets. And here are some records the young folks will love, and which, incidentally, will increase your own knowledge of the West, and will help you to answer such questions as "What's a cowpoke, Mom?" and "Is a dogie a little dog, Dad?"

Home on the Range. John Charles Thomas, opera and concert star, sings the favorite of all—whether they are real cowboys or only make-believe ones. The other side has **Trees**, from Joyce Kilmer's lovely poem. (Victor—78 rpm)

O Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie. A classic song from the West is this one sung by Carl T. Sprague, with its haunting melody. The reverse side

contains **The Cowboy's Dream** also sung by Carl Sprague. (Victor—78 rpm)

Lore of the West. This is a "Little Nipper" Storybook Album—with a twelve-page illustrated book and two 45 rpm records (also on 78 rpm). Roy Rogers, the King of the Cowboys, and Gabby Hayes narrate and sing this commentary and dictionary of the West. They explain cowboy lingo, cowboy clothes, how to rope cattle, how to mount a horse, and many other items of interest. Just the book of records for a beginning cowboy!

The Little Cowboy. Young People's Records, Inc. present an activity record for children two to six. Through songs and stories in words gauged to their own age level, the boys and girls are led to dramatize the story—herding the cattle, sitting by the campfire, etc. (78 rpm)

Going West. Young People's Records, Inc. have prepared to Western record for children seven to eleven. This is one of their "Fact and Folklore" records, designed to acquaint children this age with interesting data in a way that they will understand. (78 rpm)

Adventures of Daniel Boone. Another "Fact and Folklore" record for children seven to eleven tells the adventures of one of the heroes of American history. (YPR—78 rpm)

Cowboy Songs. Some of the newer songs of the West that have become well known are sung by Bing Crosby. Volume I includes the following: Home

on the Range, When the Bloom Is on the Sage, I'm an Old Cowhand, There's a Gold Mine in the Sky, Mexicali Rose, Silver on the Sage, Take Me Back to My Boots and Saddle, and My Little Buckaroo. Volume II includes Tumbling Tumbleweed, The Singing Hills, Empty Saddles, A Roundup Lullaby, Twilight on the Trail, We'll Rest at the End of the Trail, Clemantine, and The Old Oaken Bucket. (Both are Decca Long Play records.)

Get Along Little Dogies and Home on the Range. Frank Luther is one of the best known singers of songs for children. Here he sings Western songs—not especially for children, but in his same catchy style. Selections include: Get Along Little Dogies, Cowboys' Getting Up Holler, The Gal I Left Behind Me, The Old Chisholm Trail, The Big Corral, Cowboy Dance, A-Ridin' Old Paint and Leadin' Old Dan, Range of the Buffalo, Sioux Indians, Goodbye Old Paint, Cowboy's Meditation. Also included are: The Zebra Dun, The Bronco Buster, The Strawberry Roan, War Song of the Texas Rangers, Little Old Sod Shanty on the Plain, Red River Valley, Great Granddad, Great Grandma, The Trail to Mexico, Green Grow the Lilacs, and Home on the Range. (Decca Long Play record.)

Arkansas Traveler. This piece, that has been so closely associated with the West, is played here by Arthur Fiedler and the Boston Pops Orchestra. (Victor)

Grand Canyon Suite. Perhaps the best musical interpretation of America has been this work by Ferde Grofe. It brings clearly and beautifully to mind the vastness of the West, as well as portions familiar to all. Arturo Toscanini conducts the N.B.C. Symphony Orchestra in this presentation. (Victor)

Rollin' Dust and Wagons West. Two new Western songs, sung by the Sons of the Pioneers. (Victor—78 or 45 rpm)

Along the Navajo Trail. Bing Crosby and the Andrews Sisters sing this well-known piece. No listing of Western music would be complete without touching upon Indian music. This is not really Indian music, but it does bring out the fact that the activities of Westerners are linked with those of the Indians—such as the Navajos—who preceded them. (Decca—both 78 and 45 rpm)

"Indian" Suite No. 2 (Opus 48). MacDowell, American composer, wrote the suite that is here presented by the C.B.S. Orchestra under Barlow. (Columbia)

By the Waters of Minnetonka and Cherokee. Much more in the popular vein are these two Indian selections played by Ray Noble's Orchestra. (Columbia)

Eleven O'Clock Sunday

(From page 12.)

of regular attendance crops up as one of the discouraging factors in the efficiency of many churches visited. Sometimes a wayside church will be packed to the rafters with earnest listeners, while a more impressive church building is less than half filled. Nor is it possible to decide in advance how good will be the sermon presentation. One of the finest sermons we have ever heard showing painstaking research into the religious faith of George Washington was delivered in a desert church into which we chanced the morning of a blinding sand and windstorm.

Accompanying the lack of regular attendance as a defect is the present lack of attention on the part of many who do attend. Community problems provide the topic of whispering discussions or loud aisle talk before the services. Usually this is mere "yackity yack" chatter about permanent waves, opera series and bridge parties. However, in one of the wealthiest and most beautiful churches in America, it was necessary to move our seats one morning to avoid hearing a conversation concerning intimate details of a sensational divorce. For years we had looked forward to hearing that famous pastor and now our memories are marred by the recollection of those raucous voices of two women in wide-brimmed hats wondering who left who and why, and what the alimony settlement might be!

MANY CHURCHES seem to need to improve their attitude of listening for the "still small voice"; the

Education makes a people easy to lead, but
difficult to drive; easy to govern, but impossible
to enslave.

Lord Brougham

voice of God telling his children what to do, leading them out of the modern wilderness into the ways of peace, not alone in such marriage situations but in national affairs. When visiting churches many years old, we are reminded by bronze tablets and memorials that our founding fathers believed in God and took him into their plans and hopes when they adopted the constitution of these United States.

In an age when other governments criticize the American form and when it has become popular in certain quarters at home to belittle the activities of the church, we find evidence of America's strength in studying the faces of the men and women who fill church pews each Sunday. Smile wrinkles around the eyes; firm-set chins; clear alert eyes, even though the hair may be snow white, mark the men and women who have served God for many years of devoted citizenship to home, church, and country. They stand at the door of the church to shake the hand of the visitor, serving as a reminder of that great fellowship of the unseen, the Christians of our American heritage.

Such welcoming committees stand ready in each church to give the hand of fellowship to all who come to worship on Sunday; that oasis of rest in the waste places of weekly cares and tensions. Following our habit of Sunday worship, one memorable morning found us driving to church in Rochester, Minnesota, home of the famous Mayo Brothers Medical Clinic. Through the open windows of our car came the sound of beautiful chimes; their clear tones rang out to all the community. Tourists with their cameras stopped in the tulip-filled parkways to listen.

Each traveler instinctively thinks of home and health as he hears the chiming notes of "My Faith Looks Up to Thee." How good it is to hear and say "Safely Through Another Week God Has Brought Us On Our Way." Patients perhaps from London or the Orient hear instead the echo of chimes from their own country in the church most closely associated with their own childhood. For just as pain is universal, so also is the response to such a clear call to worship.

Having heard and listened to these metropolitan chimes and the bells in small country churches, my husband and I hope that some day church chimes may be amplified sufficiently so that their message can be heard in all nations. Then perhaps the babble of voices in the field of race prejudice, mass destruction, and fear can be silenced. Hoping for that day, we join with other hearts in worship and prayer in some church each Sunday morning at eleven o'clock.



"Okay, make it short—we're having kittens!"



Over the Back Fence

Christian Parents. Awake!

Millions of your children are marching back into the halls of learning this month. You are awake to that fact of course. Indeed some of you may have to get out of bed a bit earlier than you have for the past three months because of it. Are you awake to another side of the situation? Do you regard it "as tragic that what people hold as supremely important must be insulated from the most important of all enterprises—the education of youth"?¹ Those words of F. Ernest Johnson from an address to a group of educators simply mean that he thinks it tragic that young people, when they go to school, are for some thirty hours per week quite largely immunized or quarantined from the teachings of religion.

While practically all teachers feel restrained by recent decisions of the Supreme Court from making any attempt to teach generally accepted religious ideals, some teachers feel no hesitancy about ridiculing all claims of religion. We forbid teaching religion on the ground that it might be sectarian, while we "allow" certain teachers to indoctrinate our youth against religion. Fortunately the latter species of teacher is not overly numerous while there are many teachers who consciously strive to let their religious light shine in the class room.

But mark this. If it is a violation of religious liberty to teach religion in our public schools, it is equally a violation to teach anti-religious doctrine.

Protestant leadership is awake to this matter and is studying the field to see what can be done. Parents need to be alert to the problem and ready to examine the program when it is announced.

It all comes back to this. If religion is supremely

important, then the opportunity to learn of its teachings must not be completely denied any youth who wants it.

Let's Not Legalize It!

Following the exposé of the nation-wide gambling racket tie-ups last spring many voices were raised to legalize the whole business in order to get rid of the problem.

A lot of well-meaning but uninformed people will be taken in by that kind of talk. They have been before and they will be again.

People who are concerned and who want to be supplied with ammunition against such talk (and certainly Christian people are and do) will find much help in a little book *Gambling—Should It Be Legalized?* by Virgil W. Peterson (Charles C Thomas, Publisher, Springfield, Ill.). Mr. Peterson is operating director of the Chicago Crime Commission. His book is an arsenal of information against the legalization of gambling and is worth its price of \$2.75.

The chapter on "The History of Legalized Gambling in the United States" alone will provide sufficient facts to show why this evil should never be legalized. The story of the State of Nevada which alone permits unrestrained activity in this field holds little promise that other states would profit by following that state's example. The governor of Nevada in April, 1950, admitted that he was not advocating the legalization of gambling for any other commonwealth.

We are lifting this book up in our editorials because of its importance just now. If you want some high-voltage facts against the sly suggestions that we "pretty up" this vice by making it lawful, then get a copy of this book at once.

¹From *God in Education*, by Henry P. Van Dusen. (Scribners, \$2.00.)

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